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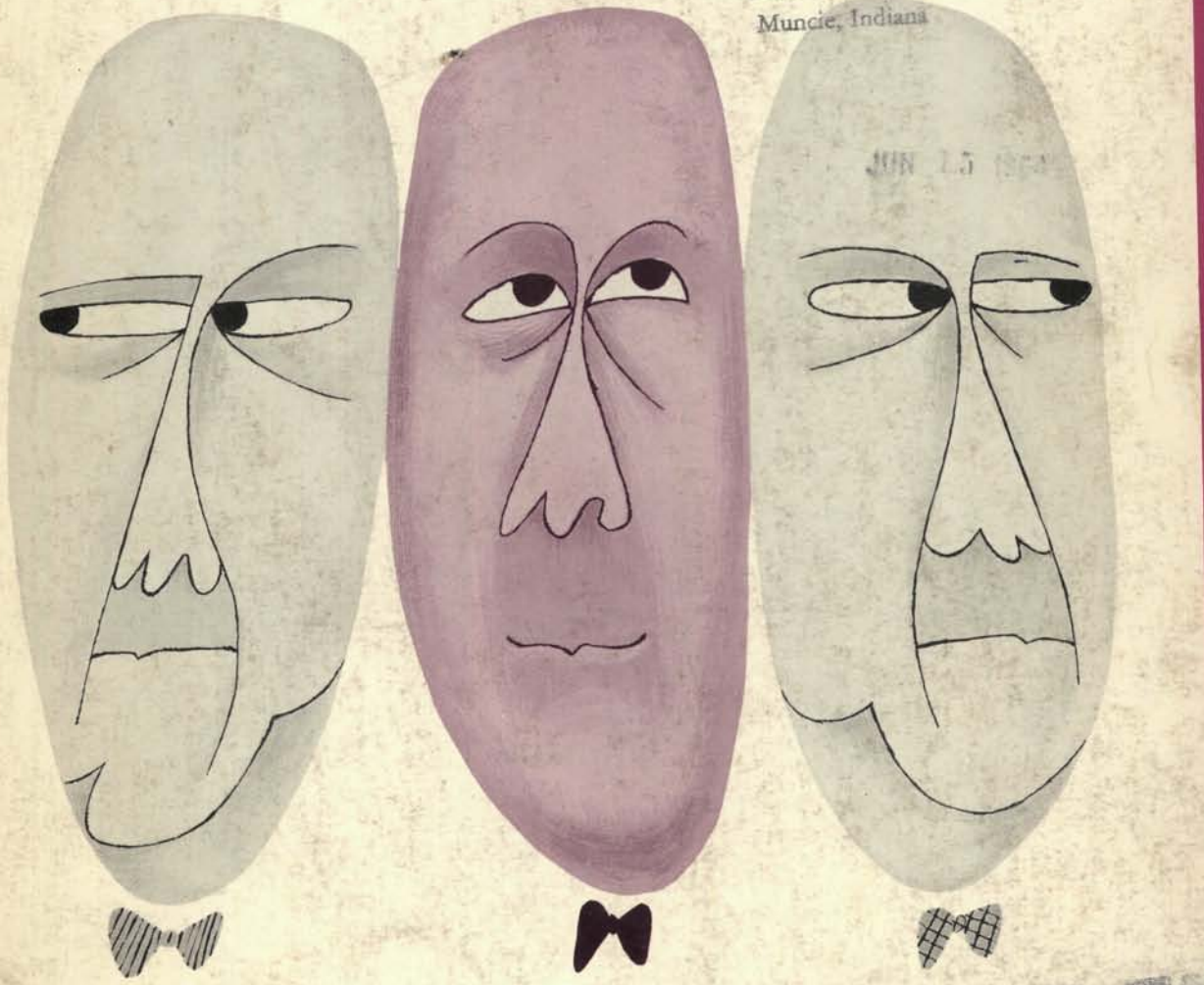

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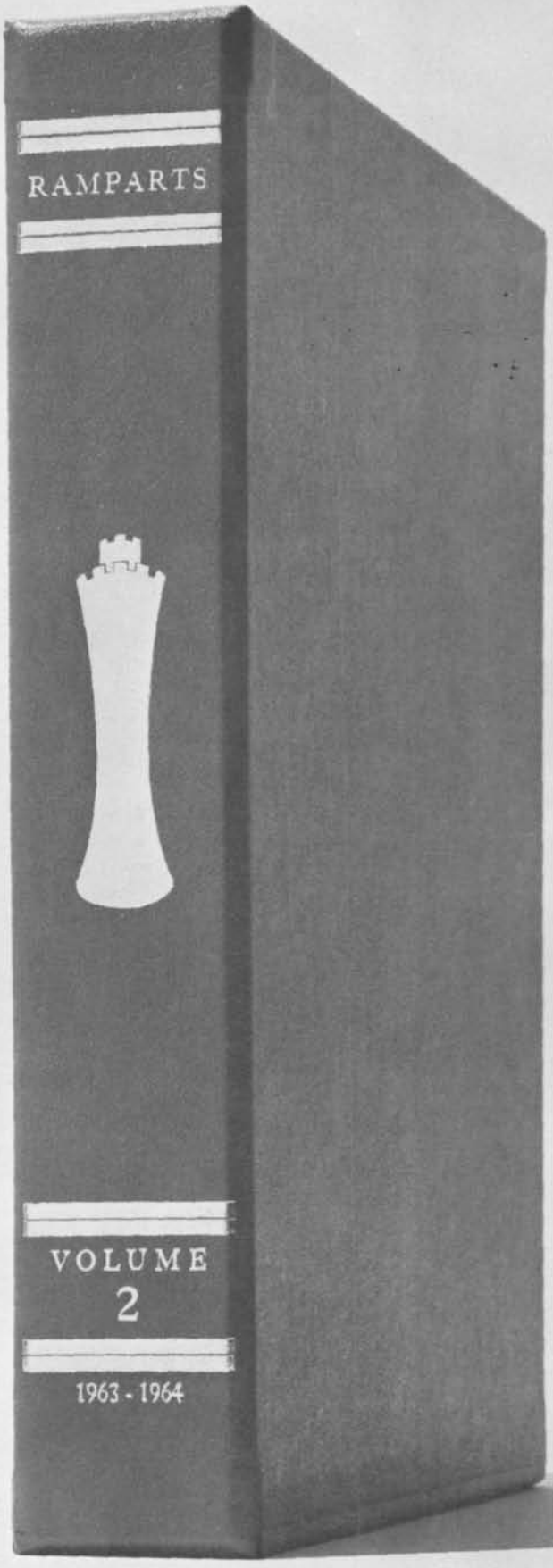

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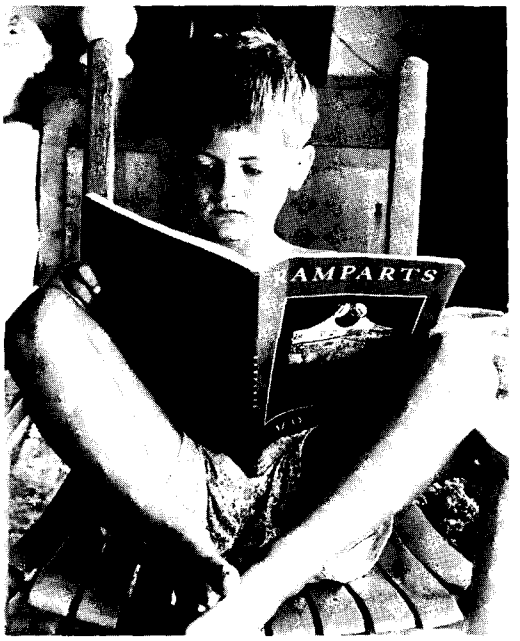

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The Editors of RAMPARTS are pleased to announce a new feature that will appear regularly. It is called "Cassandra 2."

Its purpose is to provide a forum for those whose circumstances make it extremely difficult to speak on serious issues without a strong prior sense of inhibition.

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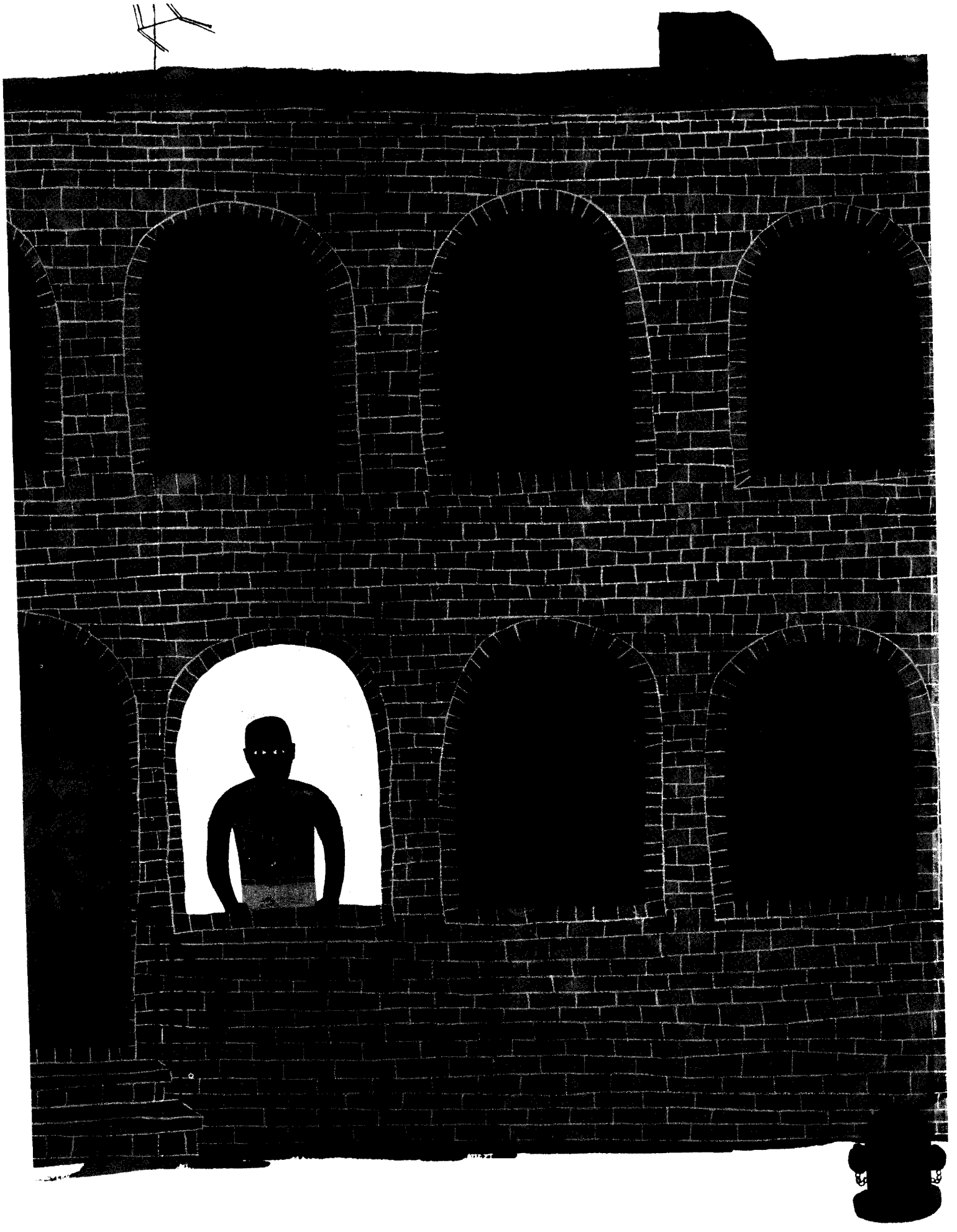

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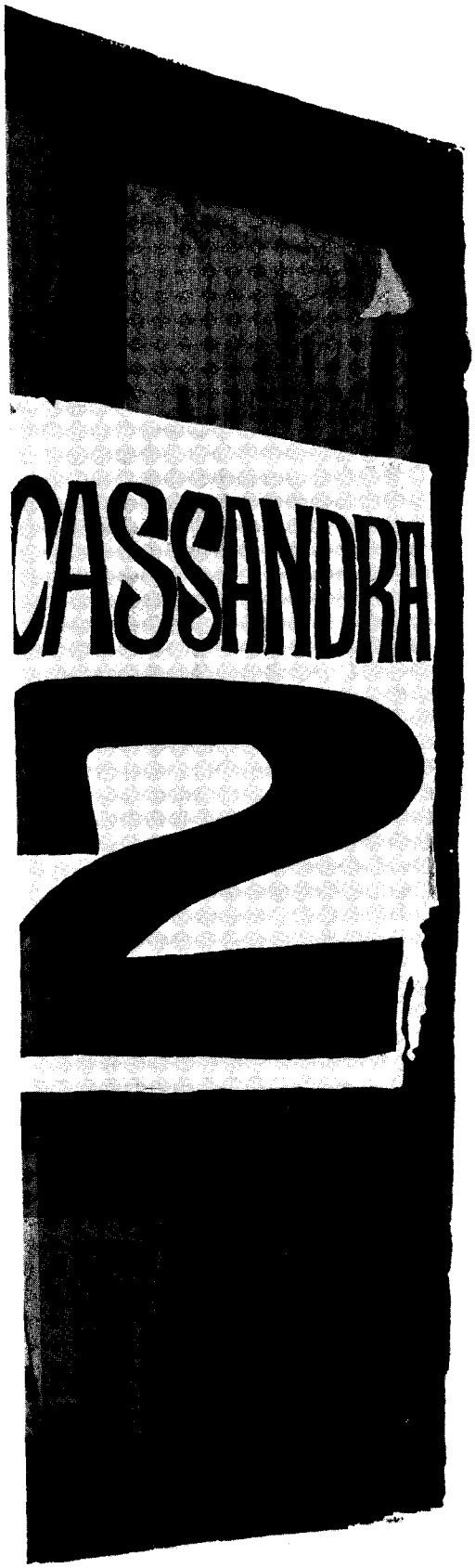

CASSANDRA 2: GHETTOS BY DEFAULT

It is generally agreed that we are facing a long hot summer on the racial front. How will the churches perform? After the First National Conference on Race and Religion, Time *wrote that the American churches "have never summoned enough resolution, originality or unity to help the country significantly in dealing with racial discrimination." Time described the dominant mood of that four-day meeting as "that awful fatalism," and said that the churches again "proved themselves still unable to offer much wisdom." Is that still true now?*

Unable, or unwilling? It is not true that the churches are "unable to offer much wisdom." The theology and social philosophy of the Catholic Church is completely adequate for the solution of all our racial problems. The same is true of the other Christian churches and of Judaism. There is no dearth of doctrinal resources or of concrete social programs, and in these we are all pretty much in agreement. But do church leaders have the moral courage to proclaim these doctrines and commit their followers to these programs? That is the big question. As you suggest, this long hot summer will see it answered — one way or the other.

In the broadest terms possible, what is the official position of the American Bishops on racism?

The official position is the one set forth in the Bishops' statement of 1958, which stated that racism is our number one national moral problem, and that the practice of racism is a sin. This is based upon such well founded Catholic principles, such as the equal dignity of all men under God, that I don't think we need to go into the fundamental teachings at this time. We have the official teachings of not only the American Bishops but of the various Popes themselves who

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have spoken unequivocally on the matter of racism, whether on the individual level or on the national level. Our concern here is what we Catholics do or fail to do with the teachings of the Church.

The American Bishops placed themselves on record with their 1958 statement and I don't think there has been a comparable document since then, although there are indications that various Bishops are getting more urgent about the situation.

If we have the Church, through the Popes and through the various American Bishops, speaking so forthrightly, why is it that we have so little leadership—if any leadership at all—by Catholics? Here I must include not only the clergy and the hierarchy, but most significantly the laity.

Pastoral nullification is why. First of all, we have an admirable doctrine available with no contrary doctrine, but the Church doctrines never get to the people. It is not surprising that our Catholic lay people are just as infected with race prejudice as anyone else because they never hear the Church's doctrine. The only way Catholics are accustomed to recognizing a doctrine as Catholic is by getting it at least occasionally mentioned from the pulpit and this matter of racism is simply not mentioned from the pulpit. Or at most, very rarely.

For example, I have had the experience of preaching sermons on race and many times people come back to the sacristy and congratulate me and say that they had never heard a sermon on race before. I hear that so often that I have to conclude that it is almost a universal pattern in our Northern parishes. Bishops seem to assume that if the doctrine is available in the popular press—that is, the popular Catholic press—that somehow this constitutes promulgation. Of course, they don't assume that this sort of thing constitutes promulgation when it is something else that they have a serious stake in: sexual morality, the Legion of Decency, or fighting an unjust tax on parochial schools. In those cases they do not simply call the attention of our lay people to the printed page. They put it out over the pulpit. Or if they want 500,000 Catholics for a Rosary Crusade, they don't leave that to chance, either. They form parish groups, assign block captains and divide up the job, and see to it that the job gets done. But curiously, Catholic doctrine on race seems always to be left on the records and there almost always seems to be a curtain of silence—I call it a pastoral interposition between the doctrine of the Church and its actual implementation by the laity. There is a kind of curtain of nullification that has to be attributed to the pastors; what they don't want preached, their young assistants are not going to preach. And what they think they can't safely preach, *they* won't preach. They fear that if they preach controversial sermons they will likely be moved elsewhere and so they are not about to preach such sermons, and they assume, rightly, I suppose, that if the Bishop wants these matters preached, he will let them know. Without direction from above they simply go on preaching the usual sermons on the sacraments or whatever, but always avoiding so-called controversial issues. Recently I preached on this subject in a parish where I was in the habit of preaching regularly and I urged the people to bring occasions of discrimination to a commission that was investigating such cases in connection with a proposed city ordinance, and this proved so controversial that the assistant the following week got up and preached a sermon against priests who preach controversial subjects in their pulpits.

Where does the major breakdown come—is it in the failure of the Bishops to take a strong stand, or is it in the failure of the local pastors to follow the lead of the Bishop? Or is it a combination of the two?

I think it is a combination. The Bishop may put out a letter to be read and sometimes with direct instructions to be read at all of the masses. Usually it is read, but quite often in a cutdown version, and of course, sometimes it isn't read at all. The Bishop can't send someone around to check up so the pastors pretty much have the run of things.

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Is not this rather flouting the Bishop's authority?

Sometimes I wish the Church were the monolith that people like Paul Blanshard make it out to be, but actually Church authority is not the effective thing we like to think. In other words, it is one thing to insist on the Bishop's authority, but the mere absence of contradiction of this authority does not mean that the authority is really accepted. Or that the obedience given is authentically Catholic. Friedrick Heer, writing on "The Rebirth of Catholic Obedience" (*Cross Currents*, 1956), described as "psychopathic" many of the obedience-phenomena observable in the Church of the Counter-Reformation, with its closed ranks, uncritical loyalty and party discipline. He said that total submissiveness is not so far removed from total revolt as one thinks, and he spoke of an "émigration intérieure" which is masked by this "obedience-Christianity." I think perhaps that is what you still see in America, so that very often the Bishops don't really get their way in the parishes unless they insist on it.

But as for the Bishops' role, there seems to be very little evidence that they really mean business about promulgating Catholic doctrine on race and social justice. Perhaps this is partly because they are out of touch. Cardinal McIntyre can continue to say that there is no racial problem in his Archdiocese. An incredible statement. No one who is in touch, who reads, who knows what is going on, could make it with a straight face. The "triumphalistic" attitude toward the Church by churchmen has been noted and criticized much of late, even in the Council. But the Cardinal seems to carry triumphalism even into his assessment of the secular, capitalistic culture around him. But then, you know the old joke that when a man is consecrated Bishop his friends gather round with the condolence, "Too bad; you will never hear the truth again." Well, he won't hear it on race unless he wants to, and goes out and looks for it. Few priests are about to volunteer instruction to their Bishop, on this subject above all. So perhaps Bishops, because of their remoteness, simply do not see the need of asserting their teaching authority to make Catholic doctrine on race prevail in their Catholic dioceses.

But there are other reasons why Catholics have not pulled their share of the load in solving America's racial problems. One is the layman's image of himself, his tacit understanding of his role. Take for example the prevailing definition of Catholic Action. It says in effect that Catholic Action is a participation of the laity in the apostolate *of the hierarchy*. This is surely misleading. The layman has his own apostolate: the layman's world, and the whole panoply of secular institutions. Here the primacy of decision and action belongs to the layman. The layman does not, of course, enjoy a primacy in the formulation of principles and doctrines. This belongs to the teaching "magisterium," to the Bishops. But surely the layman has a primacy in saying that, given these doctrines and these circumstances, which circumstances laymen are in a position to know better than hierarchy or clergy, then such and such an action is needed. Here, the layman is the leader and the clergy participates in *his* apostolate by serving as counselor and teacher. If this were not true, it is hard to see on what basis the American Church could accept in principle, as it does, the American arrangement for the separation of Church and State.

But the laity have been given a version of Catholic Action which leads them to think that in secular action as well as in doctrine the Bishops are the leaders, and that Catholic Action is something to be initiated by the clergy. Sometimes — I am thinking of one diocese in particular — the Bishop explicitly reinforces this attitude, to the extent that one would think Church authority to be acting out some clerical counterpart of "L'état, c'est moi!"

You see this come out all the time in dealing with lay Catholics who belong to parish or diocesan organizations. A secular undertaking is broached, and the usual reaction is: "We'll have to ask Father what he thinks about it." The Catholic layman in America instinctively thinks of himself as passive, as a "moved mover," to the extent he moves at all. Until he gets the word from his priest, he is convinced that he can do nothing *as a Catholic*. That is why so many earnest Catholics

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eventually give up on Catholic organizations and go out and affiliate with community or non-Catholic groups to accomplish the ends which Catholic Action should be aiming at.

But don't you think that with the long tradition of lay passivity it is very difficult for a layman to take the initiative and that he often is waiting for permission *to take the initiative? Further, if he does take the initiative, that if it takes a direction the local Bishop or the local pastor does not care for that he will be put down?*

Of course, many fear that, but they don't actually know what they can do with impunity. A layman somehow has a child's notion of obedience. He doesn't know that it is quite proper for him to question, to challenge, and to ask for the reasons for an order or for the lack of one, and still be obedient to our Bishops in the sense of authentic *Catholic* obedience.

The notion of obedience is overextended in the Church, anyway. I think perhaps that comes from the teaching religious who live under a vow of obedience, generalizing obedience so that the primary virtue of a Catholic is obedience. The layman can challenge a pastor, not in the Church of course, but in a parish organization and he can challenge the direction given by his pastor and the pastor can't do anything to him such as denying him the sacraments. The ordinary Catholic, for instance, if he felt that he lived for years in a parish which was badly in need of a sermon on racial justice and wasn't getting it would be quite free to simply put his message on a placard and picket his Church, all within the province of loyal Catholic laity. But most of our Catholic laity would be shocked at that notion. "Who am I to oppose the priest?"

This may be because of the influence of the Irish in American Catholicism. In Ireland for so long only the priest had any education. The lay people in Ireland, because of what was done to them by the English, just didn't have an education and so they came to have an exaggerated respect for the knowledge, authority, and the leadership of the priest. Things might have been different if American Catholicism had been more shaped by Continental priests, but, as it is, we have the influence of Irish culture and the Irish attitude toward the clergy. This passive mentality of the lay people, combined with the fact that they are waiting patiently for the word from the pulpit, which word never comes, I think is the reason why Catholics have been inert and ineffective and have been victimized by prejudice as much as any other comparable group.

If we have the Bishops generally taking an affirmative position on the matter of racial justice, why is it that on the parish level we have strong reluctance on the part of the pastors to discuss a controversial subject? Essentially, what do they fear?

I don't know what the Bishops fear. But I am quite sure I know what the pastors fear. You see, a pastor in America is not just a pastor of souls. He is that, of course, but he is also a manager of a plant. In fact, the phrase "the parish plant" is a usual one in America. It refers to the whole operation of the parish, including the enormous burden of parochial schools. These enormous financial burdens mean that the pastors are fighting a constant battle to get money out of their people and they think of themselves as managing this operation. And too, the Bishops want to know whether the parish is run efficiently. They assess parishes for various needs such as the seminary fund, the parish tax that goes to the general support of the diocese, and so on. As you can see, money is a big problem and given the American emphasis on money it is understandable that the financial success of his parish is among the very first things that a pastor thinks about.

I think it is quite clear that it is the Church's financial stake—the local Church—which requires the good will of all of its parishioners, particularly those who are more financially well off, that is the limiting factor, and priests are very reluctant to antagonize people who will show their disapproval in the collection plate.

I remember a sermon I preached in a suburb to which people, Catholics included, notoriously go to get away from the Negro. I had preached a sermon to back up a lead article in the diocesan

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paper which was headlined "Racism is a Sacramental Lie." Simply wishing to interpret that article to the people, I preached on race with the result that during the next week the phones were ringing and the pastor was telling the people "No, we don't really have these obligations that the Father said we had. No, I didn't put him up to this." Later I saw the pastor who was very worried over my sermon, worried in these terms. He told me of one person who said that he was simply going to leave the Church. The pastor commented that that didn't matter because he didn't come very much anyway. But another parishioner was a very substantial contributor and he would be a great loss. The pastor said this all in good faith, that it was damaging to the Church in a very important way, a financial way. It does not always come out as explicitly as this, but this is what happens and it is called "rocking the boat."

Don't rock the boat. Don't disturb the collection. Of course, putting it that way makes it sound very materialistic and the truth is that pastors have the highest motives, the material well being of the Church, but still in a way it tends to verify the Marxist hypothesis that the economic substratum of society has the determining effect on the values of the superstructure, religion, culture, art, and all the rest which follows the mode of production and the control of production. And it is a tragedy that the Marxist thesis which is not entirely correct, not correct in the deterministic sense that Marx intended, still is verified to a considerable degree in many Catholic parishes.

In any discussion of racism in America, there always seems to be that last, most insidious question of the racist: What about interracial marriage?

I agree with you that this is the last and most important question. It comes, I think, from the failure of most people to make a distinction between the civil order and civility, the virtue which makes of a man a good citizen; and the familial order. We are obligated to give our neighbor his just rights; we are obligated to treat out neighbor with civility, with civic friendship. We are not obligated to accept any man as our personal friend, or intimate, and this is quite obvious. But so many people feel that once you let down the barriers against equal employment that naturally Negroes will then have the money to buy into the good neighborhoods, and so, if you let them buy into these good neighborhoods, they will be associating with you on a social basis and then, of course, they will want to intermarry. So these people prevent this intimacy by maintaining the racial hedges in housing, in education, and in other ways.

The only thing you can do about this attitude is to meet it head on. You have to show that behind every act of discrimination there lurks a judgment of radical racial inferiority which says that somehow the Negro is not the same as the white; that while there are not two different human species, there is at least one kind of subspecies; that the Negro is not the equal of the white man merely by virtue of the fact that he is a Negro. And this judgment of radical racial inferiority, which many of our people have and which is spread all the time by Southern racists and even by some Southern Christians, has infected our people, and this judgment lurks in the unconscious, doesn't come to the full light of consciousness and therefore is never recognized for what it is. But it is there and it comes out in such matters as interracial marriage.

Why should anyone spontaneously feel that it is demeaning for a white person to marry a Negro? Many do and they admit that they can't get over this feeling. Right here is where racial prejudice lives on and that is why I think that if you are trying to reach the wellsprings of human action, if you are trying to get people really to rid themselves of racial prejudice and sit in judgment of the attitudes that have been bred into them, and that have been nourished by their own ignorance of Negro people, I think you have to cope with this. Of course, there are all the prudential considerations and we take it for granted that if you are counseling an interracial couple that you have to remind them of all the heartbreaks they must face and of all the difficulties that will beset their marriage. But then, this pru-

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dence is required in any marriage and one is obligated as far as he can not to enter a marriage in which he foresees he will not have the moral strength and courage to carry through. This is true of any marriage. But once that is all said, there still remains the fact that so many Catholics are left with this underlying feeling that there is something unworthy, undignified, even unnatural about an interracial marriage. And therefore you simply have to confront them head on with the teaching of the Church, which is that a marriage between two Catholics of different races, a Negro and a white Catholic, is just as sacred and honorable and holy in God's sight as any other. And if they don't think it is, then they are nourishing, perhaps without realizing it, a moral heresy.

I firmly believe that our Catholic people will have to be told this from the pulpit because it is the only way at this late date that they are going to see that they have been victimized by this prejudgment of radical racial inferiority.

The reason why the question of interracial marriage is so valuable is because of the very nature of marriage, involving as it does two persons of equal dignity, equal rights, in a relationship of complete mutuality. If you can admit the rightness of interracial marriage, then you admit that the Negro is an exact equal of the white in God-given dignity and right. And if you can't, then perhaps you are admitting in your innermost heart that Negroes are not equal in dignity and rights.

In September, 1963, the California legislature passed the Rumford Fair Housing Bill which became the law of the State and which attempts to strike down racial prejudice in real estate transactions. In essence it says that you can turn a man away in any transaction except on the basis of race, religion, or national origin. This Rumford Law is being strenuously opposed by the California Real Estate Association which is responsible for an initiative to repeal the Rumford Law. The effect of the success of the initiative would be to wipe out all fair housing legislation and reserve to Constitutional amendment the process of establishing any laws regarding fair housing. Practically everyone anticipates a bitter fight and there is great concern that the initiative will be successful. We have, of course, recent history that could very well serve as a precursor of things to come. I am referring to the efforts in the fall of 1963 to get a fair housing ordinance passed in the City of Berkeley. These efforts failed. Essentially, what role did the Catholic Church play in the efforts to get passage of the Berkeley ordinance?

To begin with, I hope that the Berkeley Fair Housing Ordinance experience will not turn out to be a precursor, but I do regard it as a paradigm case of what can be expected of the Church when it gets a chance to show whether or not it means business about race. Unless our lay people really rise up and compel—I think that's the proper word—their priests to take the stand which our faith commits all of us to, I am afraid we may very well see a repetition of the sad Berkeley story.

Actually the Catholic Church, and all the Churches in Berkeley, were in a magnificent position to put the housing ordinance over. This ordinance was well prepared by a very competent committee that represented all segments of Berkeley community life. It was an enlightened and carefully worked out ordinance and a lot of time had been taken to prepare the way for it, and our clergy could not have been ignorant of this or of the research on which the ordinance was based. Knowing that the election would undoubtedly be close and knowing also that our lay people who were involved would expect the Church to take a stand, the Berkeley clergy met with the Chancellor of the diocese to formulate their stand on the ordinance. The Chancellor did not impose on them any directive of the Bishop. They were allowed to decide for themselves whether or not they would take a public stand and they voted—it was not a unanimous vote—to take no public stand at all, that there would be no mention of the housing ordinance from the pulpit, that the Church would not commit itself, and this was pretty much adhered to. I know of only one occasion in which one assistant at one of the Berkeley parishes did give a good sermon

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in favor of the housing ordinance.

The lay people who tried to get the Catholic doctrine promulgated were rebuffed at almost every turn. Some of the students at the University of California Newman Club tried to hand out statements that had their origin in a letter from the Chancery which was read in one of the hearings before the commission that prepared the housing ordinance, which letter put the Chancery on record as being for the ordinance at this stage. The lay Catholics wanted to circulate this statement as well as the concluding resolution of the famous Chicago Conference on Religion and Race. I know one group that tried to do this at a Church which was about fifty percent Negro, but the pastor refused permission. He refused to announce from the pulpit that this material was available and when these lay people told him, "That's all right, Father, we will just distribute it outside," he said, "No, I can't permit that." And so he told them that the Berkeley pastors had agreed not to take any stand. They went on to say, "Well, Father, I think we will distribute it anyway." To this he replied, "If you do, I'll call the police." They replied, "You call the police, Father, but we will be there, and we'll bring the photographers." They did just that and handed out the resolution of the Chicago Conference. The pastor did nothing but greeted them in a friendly manner when he went into the sacristy, and that was that.

There were other lay efforts made and even the Catholic Interracial Council was not able to get to parish groups. In fact, the ban against taking sides was enforced so completely that one university group, I think it was the University YMCA, tried to organize a panel of a minister, a rabbi, and a priest so that the stand of the religious community would get on public record. They got a minister and a rabbi but they couldn't get a priest. None of the Berkeley pastors would appear and so this group appealed to the Chancery and the Chancellor told them he would see what he could do. In 24 hours he called them back and told them he couldn't help them. The Protestant Council of Churches tried to get the Catholic diocese to come in with them on a statement but this could not be done.

The result was that the Catholic doctrine was not applied to this issue at all until the night before the election and then Father Galvan of St. Joseph's Church came out with a statement saying that the Church was neutral, the Church wasn't telling the people how to vote on this issue, and that they could vote any way they wanted. This article was written up in the Berkeley *Gazette* in such a way that it was an invitation to vote against the ordinance. It was viewed by our Catholic lay people who had worked for the ordinance as really being conclusively responsible for the failure of the ordinance to pass. In fact, the election was so close that if 1,147 votes had changed columns, the ordinance would have passed. Of course, we have more families than that in most of our Berkeley parishes. One NAACP leader at a public post-mortem openly blamed the Catholic Church's lack of leadership for the defeat of the ordinance and it is my own conviction that this is true.

Author Eugene Burdick, who lives in Berkeley and was intensely involved in the ordinance campaign, put all these facts on the record at a recent symposium in San Francisco on "The Church: Leader, or Hypocrite?" He too voiced the opinion that it was the Catholic Church which lost the fair housing ordinance election in Berkeley, though he at the same time paid glowing tribute to the completeness of Catholic moral teaching on race.

The Catholic Church could have saved that ordinance and it didn't The pastors deliberately decided not to. The amazing thing about all of this was that Bishop Begin later, at one of his monthly clerical conferences for his pastors, congratulated the Berkeley pastors for, and these are his words, "For staying on top of the situation in Berkeley." This indicates, perhaps, that Bishops are mostly interested in avoiding trouble, avoiding controversy, not rocking the boat.

How can the Bishops and the pastors reconcile the strong stand that they are ready, willing and able to take at every moment on such matters as divorce, birth control, Rosary Crusades, tax laws that affect the Church, with the fact that they remain virtually silent on matters of social and

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singularly significant moral issues?

It is very hard to explain. I think probably it is their preoccupation with the running of the parish or the running of the diocese that precludes real interest in the social realities around them. It is only in fairly recent times that our seminaries have begun to give any courses with any thoroughness in economics and social doctrine. The social encyclicals of the last seventy years were not well taught when these pastors presently in charge were in the seminaries, and so probably the pastors and Bishops treat the racial question just as another one of those problems, such as economics and politics, that don't fit into the concerns of the sacristy. Such encyclicals as *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* were almost never widely promulgated to the people. You very seldom hear anything on social questions. Of course, the reason for this is that the faith has been conceived of in individualistic terms for so long, rather a person-to-person relationship, that it is very difficult for Catholics to think in terms of moral imperatives about matters which are not just person-to-person. We have not overcome this individualism at all, as Father William Ferree, author of a magnificent thesis, *The Act of Social Justice*, has claimed. Our textbooks, our manuals of moral theology are only half there, the whole social dimension of all of the virtues is mostly left out. This is not as true now as it was when Father Ferree wrote, but it is still true of the actual mentality of ordinary Catholics as well as of priests and pastors. These textbooks do not yet have built into them the intellectual category in which they can accommodate these social concepts, remaining mostly individualistic in their approach. It is a matter of ignorance, not bad will or bad faith on the part of the pastors and the Bishops. And so these men are genuinely puzzled when they are told that they are not doing enough in their parishes. They see no segregation, no discrimination on the individual level, and therefore they do not see the presence of a social problem or realize the obligation of social justice which is the virtue that requires us to act in cooperation with others jointly to change unjust social patterns and then to substitute institutions which are good institutions. This is simply not taking hold.

If you look at the Church historically, as being identified with the conservative segment of society with its monarchical background in Europe, and if you look at the Church in this country as being a minority group, generally on the defensive and wishing to be approved of and unobtrusive, don't you think that in this conservative approach there is a greater affinity for identifying with conservative policy, traditional policies and the maintenance of the status quo? And don't you think that in this position there is a conflict between this conservatism and the relatively recent Church position on social issues?

Yes, I think there undoubtedly is. Of course, our Bishops are conservative; a man is made a Bishop because he has acquired some reputation for prudence, not being rash, and so on. I don't think we really would want it otherwise. We are better off when reform and when renewal movements come from below and submit themselves to the judgment of authority which leans in a conservative direction. I don't think Catholics should expect our Bishops to be social reformers, or their pastors either, so long as they promulgate the Church's doctrine about social reform.

What you say about the Church in this country being on the defensive and wanting to be unobtrusive is very true. We hesitate to challenge our secular environment, except at those points where we always see a moral question. In the area of sexual morality, we are very sensitive and quick to see a threat to our Catholic sexual morality and we do challenge our secular environment there. But in almost no other area do we set ourselves boldly against our secular environment. We try to stay out of politics. The Berkeley Housing Ordinance, even though it was so clearly a moral issue, was complicated by the fact that political candidates had taken sides on the issue, which meant almost automatically that the Church was going to want to stay out of the issue. In fact, some of the pastors were saying that the housing ordinance had become a

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political football and that they would have to observe the absolute rule of separation between Church and State.

The Berkeley Housing Ordinance is past history. Today we are faced with the issue of the Rumford Law and the efforts, principally by the California Real Estate Association, to get an initiative through which would repeal all legislation dealing with the principles of fair housing. Can we expect a repetition of the Church's role, or lack of role, that we witnessed in the Berkeley ordinance election?

I think the Church will perform much better this time because, in a way, the principle is clearer. The Realtors made the mistake of using terminology which identifies their proposal with the despotic or absolute theory of property and this is clearly contrary to all Catholic social teaching.

It is the theory that the owner of property has the right to use his property in any way he wishes, completely independent of the wishes of any other person in the universe. It is the theory that says the owner of property has the absolute right to use it any way he pleases even if its use damages society or other people. If it is stated boldly like that, of course, it becomes obvious to most people that it is wrong. But still, the Realtors did use the term "absolute discretion" and the president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards made it clear that what they are concerned about is precisely the right to discriminate by reason of race, religion or national origin, if the owner so chooses.

If that is the issue, isn't the Church's duty clear?

With the issue spelled out that way, claiming a right that Catholic thought knows does not exist, it would be a little harder to be passive and neutral. I think that most of our Bishops will take a forthright stand. For example, Archbishop McGucken of San Francisco has gone on record in a public, paid advertisement joining in with Rabbis, Protestants and others, as opposing the initiative. Bishop Begin of Oakland also opposes it. The Catholic newspapers since early in December 1963 have opposed the initiative precisely on the ground that it is contrary to Catholic social teaching.

But, here again, what I am afraid of is that the Berkeley Housing Ordinance situation will be repeated, not in the sense that pastors will explicitly decide to take no stand, rather they simply will not take a stand. They will regard this as controversial, they will have many people in their parish that don't want to be told that they must oppose the initiative, and so they will drag their feet. The only thing in the world that will actually release Catholic doctrine to our people as a whole and make clear how they must act is the word directly from the Bishops. I don't think you can rely upon the pastors. I think the pastors will hang back and wait for the word from the Bishops, and if they do not get the word, they will simply be silent about the whole business.

Here is the moment of truth for our Bishops because they know they have the authority. Our Catholic lay people, the Catholic Interracial Councils, Conferences on Religion and Race involving Jews, Protestants and Catholics equally, will be asking the Bishops to put out pastoral letters, so if the Bishops refuse to give the kind of leadership needed, if they fail to make the kind of statement that would really be convincing to our masses of Catholic people, they will be thought by many Catholics to have defaulted on their teaching function. You see, you can't say that as Bishop you are authorized to teach on matters of faith and morals, and also say, as Bishops do, that racial injustice is our number one moral problem in this country, and then still be silent. You can't do all three of those things; that is, you cannot claim to be the teacher on moral issues, then profess that racial injustice is immoral, and then remain silent. If the Bishops don't assume their responsibility in this matter, I am afraid they are going to be severely judged by many of our lay people.

I hope our Bishops will come through with the kind of message that will move our people, and I hope that our people will respond. It will be evidence that we are not wholly secularized as yet. Reinhold Niebuhr has said that for every person who abandons religion because some ancient doctrine outrages his intelligence, a hundred

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leave the Church because the social impotence of religion outrages their conscience. Well, this is a moment of truth. We are going to see during this long hot summer whether or not the Churches are as impotent as people like the sociologist C. Wright Mills says they are. He says that religion does not initiate, it reacts; it does not create, it imitates. And so far it would seem in racial matters that this is true. Well, now we have a chance.

Are you saying, then, that the Realtors' right-to-discriminate amendment is actually, in effect, putting our clergy and Bishops on trial before the bar of public opinion?

In my opinion, that is absolutely true.

Catholics in Northern California live in what I think we could safely describe as a rather liberal atmosphere, not only in terms of the hierarchy, but also in terms of general society. And when I say "more liberal" I am contrasting this with the situation in Southern California. Since a large part of the upcoming battle over the initiative is going to be waged in Southern California because of the population situation, do you have any doubts or reservations about the role of the Church in Southern California?

I don't expect the Church in Southern California, under Cardinal McIntyre's leadership, to do anything to defeat the initiative. I would be very surprised if it did.

The Tidings, the official diocesan paper, has been very selective in the social pronouncements of Popes that it chooses to publish or play up. Before Pope John's election, for instance, *The Tidings* gave scant coverage to what Pius XII was putting out about the United Nations, presumably because of the Cardinal's known opposition to the UN and UNESCO. Today we see the same pattern. *The Tidings* devotes the whole second page every week to a hate campaign against Communism. The content is always the same, always sowing fear and suspicion that various groups in this country are either pro-Communist or soft on Communism, and unless the issue of racial justice could now be tied to the anti-Communist issue, I do not think the editors of *The Tidings* would take any interest in it whatsoever.

Nothing in Cardinal McIntyre's leadership in the past indicates that he will take an active role on the side of California's Fair Housing laws, and I don't know how he could be forced to take such a stand unless his Catholic lay people simply demonstrate that they are now demanding that their priests release to them the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

A small group of laymen did protest last fall. They picketed the Cardinal's Chancery – they didn't picket it, they called it "holding vigil." They walked up and down carrying placards, got on television, and they called themselves "Catholics United for Racial Equity." What they were saying is that the Church is not giving us leadership; the Church is silent on this great moral problem. I think if that attitude became general among Catholics, if there were a great public outcry against this dereliction of duty, the dereliction of leadership, that then perhaps even Bishops like Cardinal McIntyre would come to see that they cannot in conscience withhold Catholic doctrine from their people any longer. Of course, I am sure that Cardinal McIntyre is not deliberately withholding doctrine which he thinks he ought to preach; but whatever the reason is, the doctrine is not being preached. I was conversing with a layman in Southern California and I asked whether the priests down there were taking any stand and whether there were any sermons going out. He said the priests were not taking a stand; the feeling among the priests was that if they preached on racial justice they would be moved, as the doctrine is unwelcome and they are afraid. This aura of fear of reprisal is not on the basis of explicit instruction but is simply something in the air. The remedy lies with the laity; they can show the clergy that they are now willing to hear the doctrine preached. In fact, they can show that they are *demanding* to hear the doctrine preached. Further, they can exert the kind of pressure to have the doctrine preached which is the very sort of pressure that racists among us are exerting to have the doctrine

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not preached. And I think if they don't do this, if our lay people don't show the clergy that they are a ready, willing and able market for these ideas, then they in some way will share equally in the blame for the Catholic failure.

If the Bishops and the pastors fail to speak out against the initiative, fail to provide the leadership, where can the laity turn to get this message out?

I think they could actually form groups, groups that wouldn't be approved, that wouldn't have diocesan approval, and therefore if they offered speakers to local parish groups, most likely they would be turned down. But at least they could get it on record. They could, as Catholic Laymen United, or something or other, claim to be putting forward Catholic doctrine and they need simply to quote the journals of moral theology on these matters and they couldn't be controverted. It could not be shown that this was not Catholic doctrine. The clergy might object that it belongs to them to say what is Catholic and what is not and that they have patent on the term "Catholic," but nevertheless nothing could be done to lay Catholics who form themselves into groups and are determined to put the Catholic doctrine on record. Of course, this would be expensive. They would have to hire advertising space, hire TV time and radio time. They would have to foot the printing bills, and they could not rely on Southern California for any space in the Catholic papers, but they could get the job done and they could do it with immunity. They couldn't be censured for putting their Catholic faith on the record in this way.

But once again, will this be done? Not in very large numbers, because our Catholic lay people are reluctant to run ahead of their clerical leadership and are so afraid of the disapproval of their pastors. Sometimes, of course, this disapproval has significant consequences. Our parochial schools are very crowded and not all our Catholic people can get their children into them. I have heard more than once the fear expressed that if a Catholic opposes his pastor, that is, makes himself obnoxious to the priest in this matter, that his child will not get into the parish school. And this, of course, is a disadvantage. But it is one of the things that the Catholic lay person should be willing to put up with to do his job in witnessing to the Church, participating in the teaching function of the Church that belongs to him in the public forum.

In essence what you are saying is that we have to take it out of the Catholic community and into the public domain. It that correct?

Yes. It is something that has to be done. It is sad that in order to get Catholic doctrine before the great masses of Catholic people, we should have to take this roundabout trip through the secular press and secular communication media, but unfortunately this has to be done. I don't think our Catholic lay people are too much influenced by Catholic publications. They don't read them very much; they read the secular press to the extent that they read at all, or they read the large circulation magazines. Therefore, if you want to reach them, you have to go out to these sources. If this sort of thing were done, then it would summon some kind of response. For example, even the small group that began to picket Cardinal McIntyre's Chancery elicited a response from the Cardinal. There was a front page editorial in *The Tidings*, explaining, or explaining away, the Church's responsibility, claiming that adequate leadership had been given. This editorial, in turn, elicited a rebuttal by an active Catholic layman, a college professor, who circulated in mimeograph form his rebuttal of the official position of the Chancery.

Even assuming that the doctrine is promulgated and that the clergy and the laity all know about it, don't you think that we face the ultimate obstacle once the individual Catholic goes into the voting booth and there is no one looking over his shoulder to see which way he votes? Alone he can express his fear of the unknown by voting for the initiative. How many white Catholics, for example, know Negroes as human beings and not just as stereotypes? Is not it really the fear of the unknown that holds so many people back?

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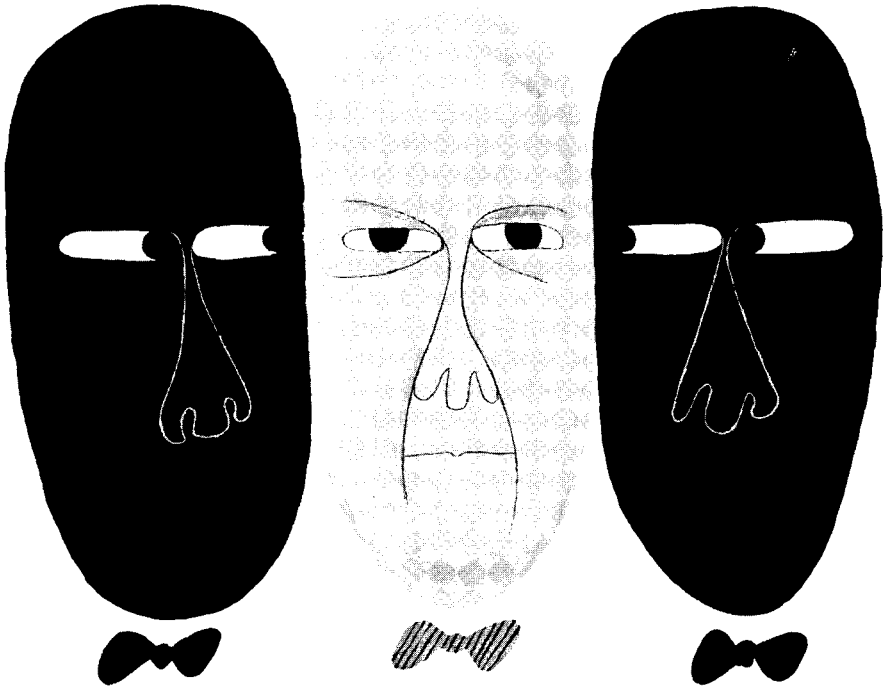
Of course this is quite true. But, I think we don't sufficiently appreciate the hold that Catholic moral teaching, once it has been promulgated, has on the Catholic conscience. Our people really are quite different from almost any other organized religious body. We really do accept authoritative teaching and once it is made clear that there is a moral obligation—you have to use these terms for Catholics because they are so used to getting matters spelled out in these terms—they will respond. You have to explain to them that deliberately fostering a pattern of racial discrimination, or deliberately refusing to do all they can to remove racial discrimination in some serious way, falls under the category of mortal sin. Now that kind of talk makes great sense to Catholics.

Fortunately, for our public relations not very many non-Catholic critics of the Church realize the hold that Catholic moral teaching has over our people. If they did, they would probably then tell us, "If your doctrine is what you say it is, and if you do have this hold on Catholic consciences, and given the number of Catholics scattered through the population in all areas of housing, employment, and so on, you Catholics could finish off the problem of racial segregation in this country within a year if you put your backs into it." And this would be quite true. If we had an all-out effort in all our pulpits simply to lay down the Catholic teaching in ordinary terms, in terms of moral obligation; of sin, applying the standard moral theology of grievous matter, etc., we could do it. And we had better try to do it. It is getting harder to persuade the cynic and the secularist that when the Church speaks it is the voice of conscience and not the voice of a self-interested power structure. As for our own people, Catholic morality in the modern world lays severe claims on them. How can we expect them to hold fast in the face of expediency unless they see the clergy doing likewise? God *or* Mammon, we preach: "No man can serve two masters." For the American Church the cost of continuing an expedient silence on race has now become, I think, prohibitive. If in this completely unambiguous moral cause we lack the courage to challenge our secular environment with prophetic Christianity, then where can we ever dare to challenge it again?



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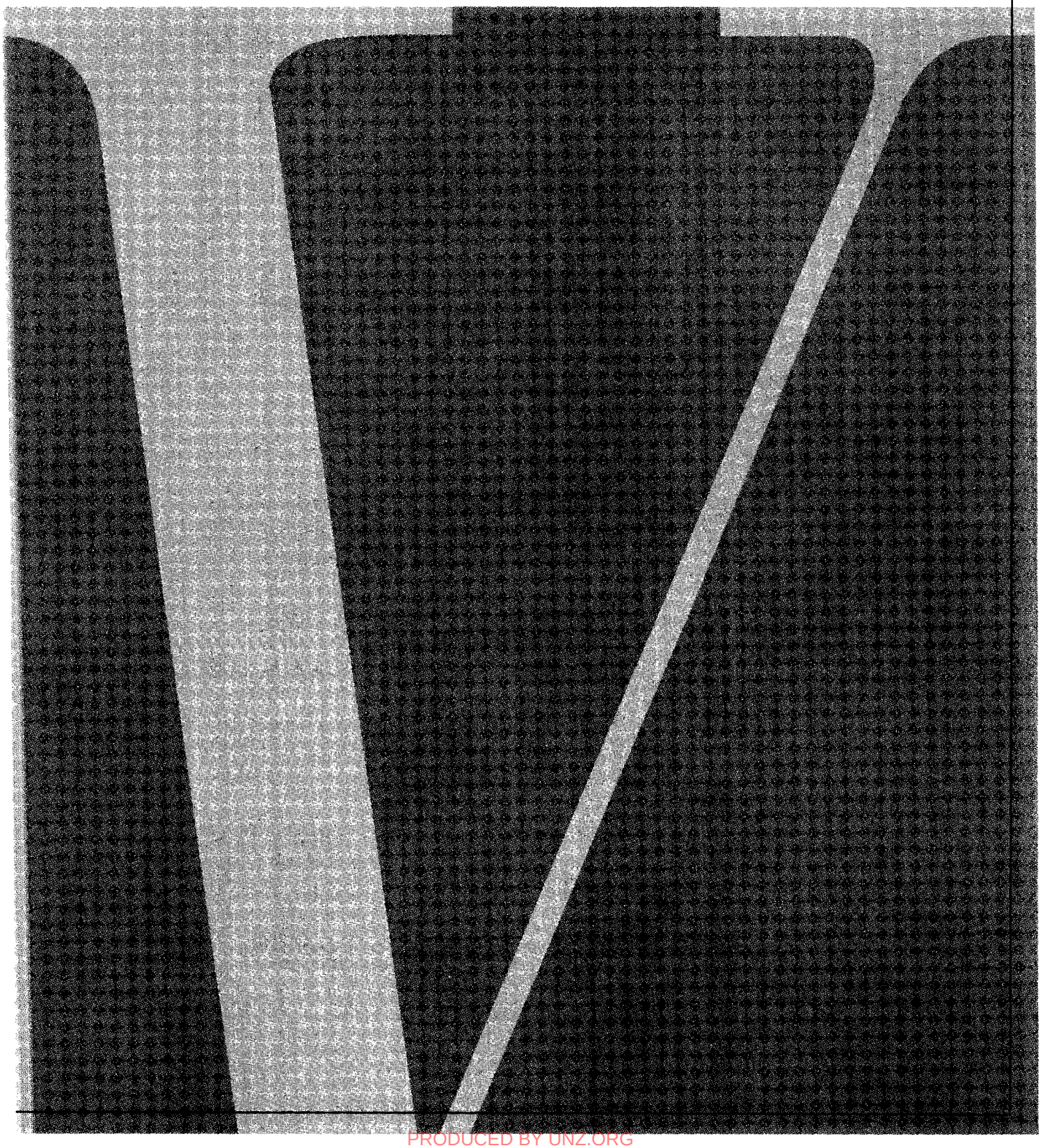
PETER VIERECK

translations and adaptations



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BALLADE DES AEUSSEREN LEBENS

Und Kinder wachsen auf mit tiefen Augen,
Die von nichts wissen, wachsen auf und sterben,
Und alle Menschen gehen ihre Wege.

Und süsse Früchte werden aus den herben
Und fallen nachts wie tote Vögel nieder
Und liegen wenig Tage und verderben.

Und immer weht der Wind, und immer wieder
Vernehmen wir und reden viele Worte
Und spüren Lust und Müdigkeit der Glieder.

Und Strassen laufen durch das Gras, und Orte
Sind da und dort, voll Fackeln, Bäumen, Teichen,
Und drohende, und totenhalft verdorrte . . .

Wozu sind diese aufgebaut? und gleichen
Einander nie? und sind unzählig viele?
Was wechselt Lachen, Weinen und Erbleichen?

Was frommt des alles uns und diese Spiele,
Die wir doch gross und ewig einsam sind
Und wandernd nimmer suchen irgend Ziele?

Was frommts, dergleichen viel gesehen haben?
Und dennoch sagt der viel, der "Abend" sagt,
Ein Wort, daraus Tiefsinn und Trauer rinnt

Wie schwerer Honig aus den hohlen Waben.

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TWILIGHT OF THE OUTWARD LIFE

AND CHILDREN still grow up with longing eyes,
That know of nothing, still grow tall and perish,
And no new traveler treads a better way;

And fruits grow ripe and delicate to cherish
And still shall fall like dead birds from the skies,
And where they fell grow rotten in a day.

And still we feel cool winds on limbs still glowing,
That shudder westward; and we turn to say
Words, and we hear words; and cool winds are blowing

Our wilted hands through autumns of unclutching.
What use is all our tampering and touching?
Why laughter, that must soon turn pale and cry?

Who quarantined our lives in separate homes?
Our souls are trapped in lofts without a skylight;
We argue with a padlock till we die,

In games we never meant to play for keeps.
And yet how much we say in saying: "twilight,"
A word from which man's grief and wisdom seeps

Like heavy honey out of swollen combs.

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Translator's note: Gottfried Benn called Heym's Letzte Wache *one of the three great love poems of all time. The tragic effect derives, apparently, not so much from what is said as from the shattering effect of the broken rhythms, the suddenly truncated lines, the intermittent stark opening trochees, and mood connoted by both imagery and sound. These effects the translator has tried to approximate in certain English equivalents of the rhythm as well as the diction. Born in 1887, Heym died by drowning in a skating accident in 1912, at the age of 26. The present poem was found only later, among his unpublished manuscripts.*

FINAL VIGIL

How DARK the veins of your temples,
And so heavy your hands.
Deaf to my voice, already
In sealed-off lands?

Under the light that flickers
You are so mournful and old;
And your lips are cruel,
Cramped in a changeless mold.

Silence is coming tomorrow
And maybe underway
The last rustle of garlands,
The first smell of decay.

Later the nights will follow
Emptier, year by year.
Here where your head lay, and softly
Always your breathing was here.

LETZTE WACHE

Wie dunkel sind deine Schläfen
Und deine Hände so schwer,
Bist du schon weit von dannen
Und hörst mich nicht mehr?

Unter dem flackenden Lichte
Bist du so traurig und alt,
Und deine Lippen sind grausam
In ewiger Starre gekrallt.

Morgen schon ist hier das Schweigen
Und vielleicht in der Luft
Noch das Rascheln von Kränzen
Und ein verwesender Duft.

Aber die Nächte werden
Leerer nun, Jahr um Jahr.
Hier, wo dein Haupt lag, und leise
Immer dein Atem war.

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ANNIVERSARY

COME, SISTER, take the jug of sallow clay;
Be near me now, – to re-enact together
In unforgetting awe the rite we share:
This same gray jug these seven years ago
We filled with water at this well together
The day the news came that our bridegrooms died.
Beside the well at which two aspens hover
Around an evergreen, be near me now
To scoop up water into sallow clay.

JAHRESTAG

O schwester nimm den krug aus grauem thon,
Begleite mich! denn du vergassest nicht
Was wir in frommer wiederholung pflegten.
Heut sind es sieben sommer dass wirs hoerten
Als wir am brunnen schoepfend uns besprachen:
Uns starb am selben tag der braeutigam.
Wir wollen an der quelle wo zwei pappeln
Mit einer Fichte in den wiesen stehn
Im krug aus grauem thone wasser holen.

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MENON'S LAMENT FOR DIOTIMA

(Free rendering from the conclusion)

COME, WE BUT DREAMT IT; already the blood-trailing wings are
Healing, and so is each single one of the hopes.
Much, much greatness is still ahead; and whoever
Loved as we loved, must heavenward go as we go.
Then guide us, you hours of soul, so youthfully solemn;
Stay with us, all you forebodings and pleadings of sky;
You too, you protectors whose love is to hover with lovers.
Stay with us till we are separate no longer. Unite us
Up there wherever it is the serenest keep watch;
There with those hints from the Father, the orbs and the eagles;
There with the muses, the homestead of lovers and heroes;
There
    or down here, on an island dissolving toward spring,
Where we rejoin whom we love in the gardens we loved in,
Where music rings true and April wears daffodils longer
And the cycle of spirit begins all over again.

MENONS KLAGEN UM DIOTIMA

Komm! es war wie ein Traum! Die blutenden Fittiche sind ja
Schon genesen, verjuengt leben die Hoffnungen all!
Grosses zu finden, ist viel, ist viel noch uebrig, und wer so
Liebte, gehet, er muss, gehet zu Goettern die Bahn.
Und geleitet ihr uns, ihr Weihestunden! ihr ernsten,
Jugendlichen! o bleibt, heilige Ahnungen, ihr
Fromme Bitten, und ihr, Begeisterungen, und all ihr
Guten Genien, die gerne bei Liebenden sind,
Bleibt so lange mit uns, bis wir auf gemeinsamem Boden,
Dort, wo die Seligen all niederzukehren bereit,
Dort, wo die Adler sind, die Gestirne, die Boten des Vaters,
Dort, wo die Musen, woher Helden und Liebende sind,
Dort uns, oder auch hier, auf tauender Insel begegnen,
Wo die Unsrigen erst, bluehend in Gaerten gesellt,
Wo die Gesaenge wahr, und laenger die Fruehlinge schoen sind,
Und von neuem ein Jahr unserer Seele beginnt!

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Reflections and Complaints of Late Middle Age

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

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As opposed to things like one's judgment and taste, one is not pretentious about one's age —only to suspect that about one's age one may be most pretentious of all. One's late middle age, at least; for together with all the sighs and self-pity for having come so far along life's way, goes vast self-satisfaction for *having* come so far— and recently with Wisdom as a traveling companion. Wisdom of a sort, to be sure: perhaps not the philosopher's wisdom, those eyeglasses that are never quite right for one's eyes; nor the mystic's, those eyes gazing inward and upward, but never around and about; but his who has indeed often blundered, been an ass at times, and a nuisance, and a bore, but by now has come to profit by it all. Oh *he*, more than ever, remarks that man's vanity and stupidity are eternal; more than ever, now he is fifty-nine, murmurs that the mule in us, and the ostrich, and the peacock, grow only more pronounced. But to know all this and freely confess it; and sit watching others rush busily about, saving the world, and discovering the obvious, and confiding the proverbial; and to find now even the freshest words an echo, the boldest thoughts a plagiarism,—surely this is to have come far, and grown uncommonly mellow.

Alas, about late middle age one can't even for long be self-mocking. Any fun in the first paragraph only makes for trouble in the second. With every writer near sixty the backward glance must be peculiarly compulsive, whether for things to hurry past or linger over; but more acceptable than any glance forward. For after sixty one's future must be spent in a foreign land; there is little one can take culturally, socially, even humanly for granted; can merely allude to, can leave unsaid. This is not true, to be sure, in small picturesque ways, in telling the young about the slang or popular songs, the speakeasies or literary hangouts, of the '20s: about such things they will often be glad to hear. And I don't really mean in terms of future esthetic tastes, or fashions in art and letters. These may jolt what one takes for granted, but then one has always taken it for granted that they would; has always known that art and letters wait for no man, and that the time would come when one

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called some young man's music a yawp, and some young man's paintings a daub, and some young man's writing a screed. What seem a real assault on what middle age has taken for granted are fifty little breaches of manners—a nice way of saying No, perhaps; or an engaging way of saying "I'm sorry." Or fifty small mutations of behavior, or in misbehavior. Or what passes for morality, or is permissible immorality. This last, perhaps, most of all: as one nears sixty, there is nothing one feels so sure about as what constitutes decent and acceptable sin.

And as one moves around at that age—and overhears, or hears wrong; and notices or can't quite see; and talks to people and is suddenly addressing the air—each uncertain reaction begets a disquieting thought. What, one wonders—clutching at least at a *phrase* that is new—what is the public image of me? Academic fossil? Club bore? Do people laugh at me behind fans? Do they hide from me behind pillars Do they think of me as I once thought of—well, Henry Seidel Canby?

Fortunately, as one side of oneself turns touchy, another remains splendidly immune. It is not just that one's private image of oneself may suggest an *eminence grise*. More realistically, one goes back to where one started: this is being sixty-ish, and grown too much the praiser of past times from being the prisoner; and aware that as the arteries harden, the memories turn soft; and that, as one's age takes shape, one's personal astronomy alters. Once oneself was the planet, and life the sun it revolved around; now, being pre-everything, even pre-Copernican, it is life that circles oneself. That modest fundamental accepted, one can very happily keep going, even going forward; can shrug that the road leads downhill, or that the topography is so foreign and so flat. What one does, indeed, is to acquire a very helpful *tourist's* psychology. What one does is look on all small breaches of manners as quaint; all misbehavior as exotic; all offensive morality as primitive. This leads to something more helpful still. One now regards the cultural life one encounters, as not something later than one's own, but earlier. Hence there is no need to croak about how decadent the times are, or how effete the young: one can mutter instead how crude they are, and even ape-like; one can emerge no elderly, head-shaking scold, but a mature, observant, detached anthropologist. One no longer wants, say, 1964's cars to revert to 1926's—one wonders how long till they can catch up with them. One no longer wants to go back from the fifteenth edition of the *Britannica* to the eleventh; one hopes civilization will ultimately reach it. Just when, one asks, will the jet achieve the finality of the 20th Century Limited? How many years must it take for TV to become radio, and then for radio to become the morning paper.

Meanwhile, fascinated by the quaint, the exotic, the primitive, one gazes at various specimens, one peers into corners, one squints through binoculars. Eventually, having examined everything and noted the effect on the natives, one proceeds to pass judgment. Cannibalism, one announces, is more than a dubious practice, it is a very monotonous diet. Installing in one's own bed the wife of the couple who seek a night's lodging, while assigning the husband a straw pallet on the floor, is questionable hospitality. To turn anthropologist at 59 may seem hazardous, but can be very exhilarating. It is also full-blooded and virile—no querulous letters to the papers, no prissy grumbling at the club. Instead of writing rather irritable memoirs, one assembles a great many ego-warming case histories.

ACTUALLY, except for an increasing need to keep in physical repair, late middle age isn't a bad one at all. It conduces to a kind of enlightened self-absorption, which is to say having the ego always about one, but on leash. The shift to pre-Copernican astronomy is true enough, but then it embraces a pre-Copernican cosmos. One has made oneself the center; but the center of a rather small, rather coördinated world. For the man of culture—I don't say for the man of action—late middle age means a lessened will to power, an ironic if not yet extinct ambitiousness. Oh, deep down things may churn and seethe and rage, and it would perhaps take very little to make vast ambitions stir. But the moment has, I think, arrived when self-knowledge, which isn't too hard to come by, can hope to merge with

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self-acceptance, which is very hard. For some time past one has been well aware that one was not Prince Hamlet, and chiefly afraid that one might be Polonius instead.

The age one has now reached oneself naturally recoils from the age one now inhabits. What alone mitigates the horror the nuclear world arouses, or the sense of responsibility it entails, is that it most of all arouses a sense of helplessness. How little oneself can do, and how much any reckless fool or villain. Besides, what a terrible two-edged sword is *morality* — what a ruthless, because self-righteous, weapon. I am more moral than you, my cause is more moral than yours, my Father in Heaven can lick your Father in Heaven. Men have perhaps oftener died for slogans than for bread, for God than for Mammon, and if history teaches us anything it is that fanaticism has made more blood flow than villainy.

As for writing my memoirs, I've never given it serious thought; with anything beyond the anecdotal I would be too uneasy. It seems quite enough, by trying to formulate a view of the world around one, to suggest one's own. What one finds right and wrong with existence may well convey what is right and wrong with oneself. Besides, I've kept no diaries and can no longer remember what I imagined life, or my life, might be. Whatever the answer for either, I proposed at nineteen to find it in New York; and going there in the mid-1920s, came upon something at least unruly enough to seem rebellious, untidy enough to seem bohemian, unfamiliar enough to seem superior. All this, linked to something genuinely literary, could make even a young man who kept to the shallow end of the pool feel its buoyancy and swell. Even for those who had no vast belief in themselves, the '20s were invigorating, because life was so uncautious and confident, literature so confident and uncramped. And if radicalism or even liberalism was then no battle cry, one could perhaps be negative about issues from something so affirmative in life. And one was satiric and skeptical because such an attitude had a great tradition behind it — of wit, élan, urbanity.

The '30s appeared, bluntly declarative — the wolf at the door, the handwriting on the wall. They sobered me but they didn't really suit me. This, I think, arose less from how uneasily I fell in with their politics than from my not being political-minded at all. My moral sense, my humanitarian impulses, my half-anarchist protestingness often responded; but in part from temperamental unfitness, in part from intellectual limitations, I remained at heart an outsider. What, with me, made for doubts was how, in this grim sober 1930's world, one had always to get intellectually a little tipsy to respond to it, where for all the bootleg blur of the '20s, one's mind seemed effortlessly one's own. The '30s were tremendous in outline — for some a tragic or heroic experience; for others, a too black-and-white melodrama; for every aware person, a problem — whether of sustenance or of survival; of allegiance or of revolt. The '30s were remarkable enough to bring every one back to his senses, while in some degree taking leave of them. Their sombre, or their stage-lighted, side encouraged every one to assume some kind of role, if only in retrospect. But where the '20s had flattered my desire to be dashing and bold, and gave me — if only as Walter Mitty — a great feeling of participation, the '30s constituted a valuable — but an academically, not personally, valuable — experience. They revealed what life itself could be: not simply a Depression reality, or even a totalitarian one; indeed not so much a reality as a realization — a realization that evil truly exists on a large scale; that the thirst for power is as fierce as the facts of it are brutal; that ruthlessness can lurk behind a slogan, and treachery maneuvre inside a cause. The realization did not wipe out one's sense of how much in human nature can be courageous and devoted, but it did make clear how Fascism and Communism can exploit what is starved and sick and warped and bitter — and sometimes beastly — in it.

I WAS FORTY when World War II ended, and I suppose for the most part "formed." That may explain why subsequent eras have struck me as so formless. Doubtless too, the '20s and '30s left too vivid an impress. But if there has seemed, since World War II, less sense of pattern, there

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has been far greater awareness of change. The change is, of course, exactly what *youth* takes for granted. If, say, the '20s doggedly refused to be shocked, the '60s scarcely have it in them to be surprised, certainly on any physical or mechanical basis. The Atomic Age has made "impossible" an anachronism. Time has become its plaything, Space its major sport; and now that a man can say to his wife, "Well, if you're playing bridge this afternoon, I think I'll circle the globe," the imagination has turned pauper, and the wildest boast an understatement. In any case, the quarter-century that has not just introduced but made part of our lives—to name but a few things—aeronauts and H-bombs, TV, air-conditioning, antibiotics, motels, super-highways, drip-dry, deep-freezes, is without parallel, not for what it forecasts but for how it demolishes forecasting. Doubtless every generation, had it awakened from a thirty-year sleep, would have found remarkable surprises, but almost always as extensions of what it had known. Even thirty years ago, one pictured the future in terms of food pellets, or 200-story skyscrapers, or living to well over a hundred. We little guessed the power of TV to enslave society, or the power of aeronautics to conquer space, or the power of bombs to annihilate continents. Yet no single aeronaut—perhaps because the first to triumph was a Russian—could give Americans, in circling the globe, quite the kind of thrill that Lindbergh did by crossing the Atlantic. The reason, clearly, is that for young people today things move so *fast* there is no problem of adjustment. Before you can adjust to A, B has appeared leading C by the hand, and with D in the distance.

The old sense of permanence, which often made people short-sightedly resistant to change, has gone. Gone even with the very young. For however much, in other days, the very young cried out for change or shouted for progress, they always visualized, however mistakenly, their own future. They would also, quite unconsciously, preserve from the *status quo* anything they found desirable. Today's generation cannot; things happen and change too fast for it to formulate a future, prove too menacing for it to be sure of one. The sense of global uncertainty has rather bred a great wish for local security, an impulse to settle for a bit of the limelight and not seek a place in the sun. But I don't think it is so much the menace of the future that destroys a feeling for permanence, as the character of the present. Today's mechanical mutability—the way things are so quickly out-of-date and shelved and discarded; are never streamlined or time-saving or drip-dry *enough;* are never convertible or interchangeable or reversible enough—has killed the feeling for permanent modes of living, and of behavior and belief scarcely less. Constantly trading-in cars, constantly tossing out furniture, moving from town to suburb, from basement-with-garden to penthouse-with-terrace, from Baltimore to Sweden, switching from one social and even ethnic group to another, shifting children from one kind of school to another, never having even a dentist one can call one's own—here, surely, is all the rapidity of the jet combined with all the rootlessness of the trailer.

Permanent values, settled beliefs, social traditions grow less and less easy. With the present as well as the future unstabilized, there emerges a sort of tourist behavior, of trial-subscription morality. "When in Rome . . ." becomes the norm, for one is forever in Rome, in temporary quarters, in transit, whether of geography or income, social attitudes or cultural assumptions. And along with being forever on the move, one is forever in a hurry, leaving things inadvertently behind—friend or fishing tackle, old raincoat or old allegiance. As for the journey into the future, everything is subject to change without notice, and not just "The 10.31 to Harrisburg has been discontinued" but "Trains have been discontinued."

What complicates all this is that while nothing lasts long enough to be sacred, for as long as it lasts everything is *de rigueur*. In all this vast atmosphere of change, personal development, private morality, individual experiment don't float free; they are all manacled to Public Opinion. Tossing out the furniture, shifting the terrain, never means that permanence is felt to be petrefaction, or settledness, parochialism. In all this change there is no break with anything bour-

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geois, no distrust of tradition, no faith in experiment. In other words, there is no *choosing* of flux on philosophical grounds, as a way of life; or on temperamental grounds, as a form of dissent; or on intellectual grounds, as a means of inquiry. Never have so many people led a gypsy's life with so much of a joiner's psychology.

WHATEVER one's middle-aged dissatisfaction with all this, the basis for it is too explicable to ignore, the result too understandable to indict. One cannot but see what the speed of mechanical progress has done to shape the present, even without regard to how nuclear energy may overshadow the future. *My* sense of frantic speed has become the normal pace—the young men in a hurry go not by twos or threes but by hundreds along the street. In a corporation-run society, it grows as futile to preach self-determination as in a TV culture to bid the air-waves stand still. But if an appeal to values can only be fruitless, there must still be some point in an appeal to horse-sense. Surely, the less one is cheered up by the portents, the more one must face up to the facts. One, even while trying to help, can feel helpless about the state of the world; but need one, quite, about one's own situation? Never, it seems to me, has helplessness been proclaimed on so grandiosely determinist a basis as today—as though there were no turns-off whatever from Madison Avenue, no exits anywhere from corporation skyscrapers; never such an air of *Ich kann nicht anders*, as though the issue were not capitulation but heresy. Never, either, has helplessness had such doubtful origins. These bright, up-and-coming people aren't victims of poverty, and so must take any job they can get; nor of discrimination, and so must take what few jobs are open to them; nor of little schooling, and so are not fitted for much; nor of a single skill, and so are fitted for one thing only; nor, like ball players, of short-term careers, and so must cash in while they can. This race of intelligent, college-bred young men, groomed for the business or professional world, do indeed have their way to make, and often no very congenial way to make it. Even when they are given a choice, it may in essence be Hobson's choice—one agency or corporation as against another, one TV system or magazine empire. If no treadmill, it can clearly become a trap. Yet its early stages need be neither ignominious nor fatal; all early stages inculcate adjustment, confer experience, count as education. "Reasonable" ambitiousness is surely valid, though its exact limits are rather harder to define. But even if we admit that the rat race is a willy-nilly thing, with half its aggressions defensive and half its impulsions born of fear, must we accept its implied alternative of Submit or Starve? If there is a real element of economic determinism involved, is there not also one of self-nurtured psychology—of a whole generation accepting the set-up as doctrinal, and first capitulating to its terms and finally subscribing to its tenets? The thrust of ambition is, and always has been, great, but among the bright-eyed it had once a more adventurous and individualistic air, a much more bracing rivalry. Such rivalry seldom meant a faceless competition; as there was something more invigorating about it, there was something self-chosen, too, and self-propelled. Today's competitiveness, so much imposed from without, is exhausting, not exhilarating; is unending—a part of one's social life, one's solitude, one's sleep, one's sleeplessness.

Moreover, what emerges from it all is a new and fearful kind of risk. It is no longer whether—to be wholly realistic about it—one is willing to mortgage oneself for a period of time; or in limited degree to sell oneself for good and all. It is whether one is willing spiritually, mentally, all too often physically, to kill oneself. The rewards can be large; but the stakes are sucker stakes. They come down, not to either-or, not to all-or-nothing, not to success-or-suicide; *at best* they come down to both. Their goal is equally their epitaph: Tomb at the Top. To read in *Fortune* Magazine of life in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, of automobile executives of varying and growing and shrinking and collapsing importance—life all five-car panic, living all gilded spikes, every neighbor a probable threat, every decision a possible death-warrant—is to encounter a form of life imprisonment commutable to death. If I make melodrama of it, it is because

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the executives themselves, and so many like them, cannot even give it the rousingness of melodrama, the roulette-table tingle of ruinous stakes. It all remains affluently suburban, nothing that flares into excoriating anger; never man tugging at his hateful bonds, only man swallowing his poisoned drink. Even from within it seems governed by caution and conventionality, the men too tired for selfhood, the women too timid. They have all become the cars they live by, with an outsider decreeing the speed they shall run at, and the moment to junk them.

Perhaps, though I am not at all sure, this is an extreme situation; but hundreds of others seem sufficiently typical—and insufficiently foreordained. Surely too many people have confused danger with doom; worse, far from heeding the storm warnings, have decided they meant shipwreck. Let us allow that one knowingly, out of something like necessity, makes his Hobson's choice, elects its kind of "future." Need one, having proved very capable at one's job, be thereafter resignedly, unresistantly competitive? If one becomes a really good office manager or sales manager or advertising director, will one be unquestionably pitched out just by asking to stay put? At first, perhaps, it may be frowned upon as un-American, or looked askance at as some new dodge or gimmick. But surely in time it must be seen to make sense; given enough time, for that matter, it might start a fashion or a modest revolution. It is true, that to achieve such an end, people would have to do more than just hold venality at arm's length. They would have to master their vanity (and their wives' vanity) as well, and beyond crying "To hell with how other people live!" say "*Let* people think this was as far as I could get!"

What would be truly comic about the rat race were it not ulcerating and sad, is how many of its contestants so dutifully—rather than desperately—enroll; are conformists even in ambitiousness; are not victims of any grand economic iron law, but have put themselves in an iron lung known as keeping up with the Joneses. Only, what was once suburban farce now threatens to become national tragedy. But since Keeping Up no longer applies to Babbittarian businessmen with clothes-horse wives and country-club aspirations, but to aware, educated, intelligent people, it can't—with them—altogether have to happen, they must in some sense be letting it. They must know they are being as much vulgarized as victimized. I don't insist they need feel ashamed of themselves, but I do think they might stop feeling sorry for themselves. To define their lot as capitulation may be somewhat too harsh, but it becomes too tolerant to call it coercion. Precedents do exist of people who refused promotions—unscathed; and for whom the end of the climb wasn't the end of the road. If, figuratively—if, literally—all Organization Men under forty making $25,000 or more a year formed their own organization and agreed to strike *against* higher wages for five years, what would happen? Or suppose they created a New Poor movement with snob appeal, making it smart to look shabby, the way dukes flaunt patched sleeves. It could be a fad of a kind, a game played in reverse, like losing chess; the status symbols worshipped *in absentia*, like *not* owning a Bentley. But simply by playing it, incomes might painlessly diminish, for expenses would rapidly dwindle. The analyst could be let go, along with the second gardener; and the second mortgage be dispensed with at the same time as the speedboat. For if conformity itself, and not conforming to any set or particular things, is the national disease, why couldn't the game go right on, but played for "sensible" stakes? And we non-conforming, non-status-seeking, men with our intense inner life, we who snap our fingers at the fashions, could own the drug-on-the-market, price-slashed Bentleys.

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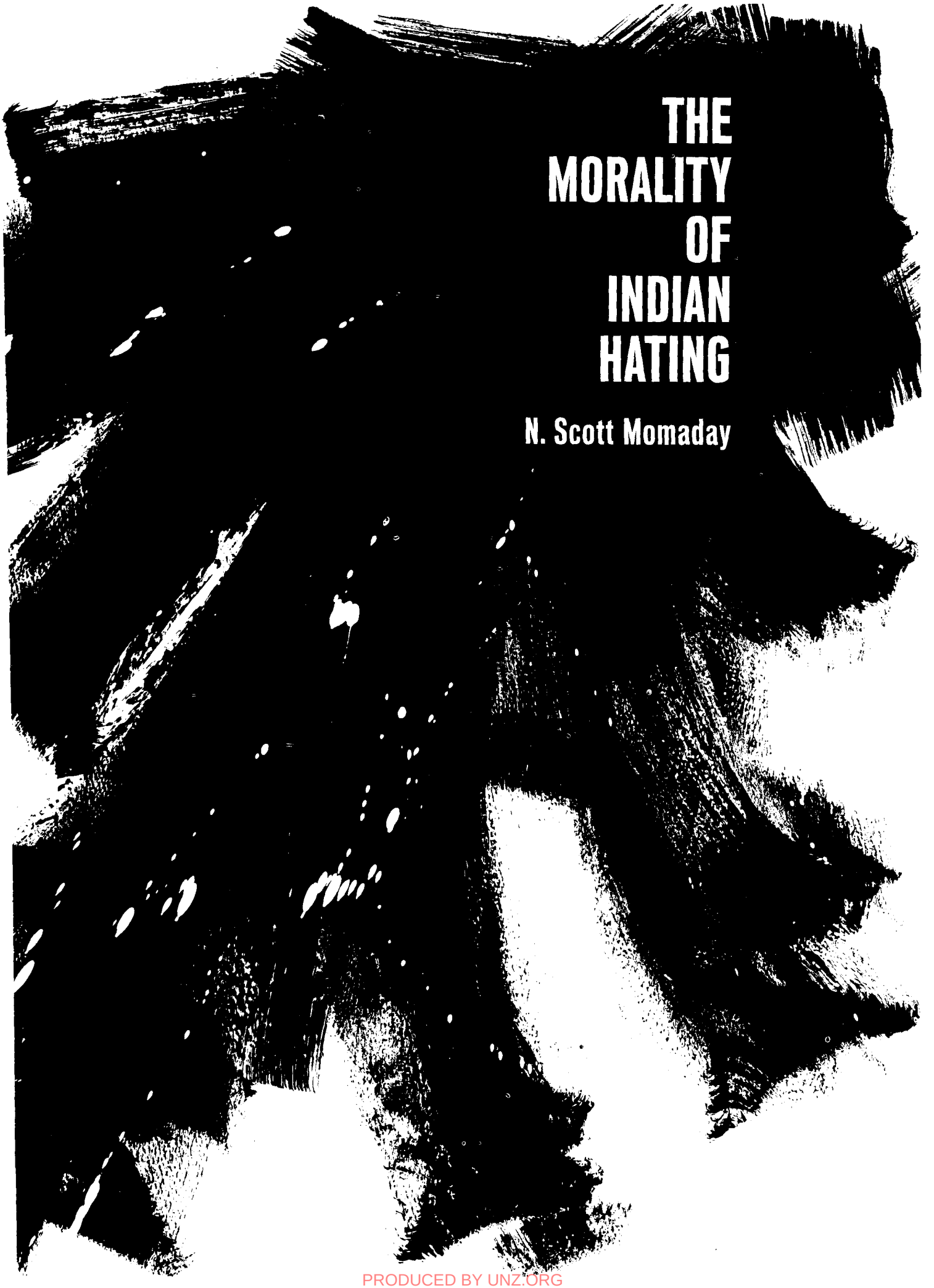

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IN THE WINTER OF 1833 the Kiowas were camped on Elm Fork, a branch of the Red river west of the Wichita Mountains. In the preceding summer they had suffered a massacre at the hands of the Osages, and Tai-me, the sacred Sun Dance doll and most powerful medicine of the tribe, had been stolen. At no time in the history of their migration from the north, and in the evolution of their plains culture, had the Kiowas been more vulnerable to despair. The loss of Tai-me was a deep psychological wound. In the early cold of November 13 there occurred over North America an explosion of meteors. The Kiowas were awakened by the sterile light of falling stars, and they ran out into the false day and were terrified.

The year the stars fell is among the earliest entries in the Kiowa calendars, and it is permanent in the Kiowa mind. There was symbolic meaning in that November sky. With the coming of natural dawn there began a new and darker age for the Kiowa people; the last culture to evolve on this continent began to decline. Within four years of the falling stars the Kiowas signed their first treaty with the government; within twenty, four major epidemics of smallpox and Asiatic cholera destroyed more than half their number; and within scarcely more than a generation their horses were taken from them and the herds of buffalo were slaughtered and left to waste upon the plains.

It is expedient to begin with a particular people and a symbolic event. In a certain sense it is also necessary; one is obliged, by the nature of the subject, to focus upon particulars and their symbols. The unique position of the Indian in this society is anomalously fixed and mutable, here and there, truth and fiction. The Indian has been for a long time generalized in the imagination of the white man. Denied the acknowledgment of individuality and change, he has been made to become in theory what he could not become in fact, a synthesis of himself. This is not semantic trickery. The Navajo, to illustrate, is an American Indian, but "the American Indian" is not conversely a Navajo; he is rather, to the public mind, that lonely spectre who stood for two hundred years in the way of civilization, who was removed time and again by force, and who was given in defeat that compensation we call savage nobility, after the example of Rousseau. The persistent attempt to generalize the Indian has resulted in a delusion and a nomenclature of half-truths. The so-called "Indian problem," even more than that other duet of clichés, the Negro and Jewish "problems," is impossible to define. The term is furthermore misleading and dangerous, for it holds up the attractive suggestion that there is *one* problem and, by implication therefore, *one* solution. The suggestion is naive and fallacious, of course; yet it has been the basis of an historical diplomacy. Federal management of Indian affairs has always been expressed in general and uniform policy. Predictably that policy has had but slight and accidental relevance to a random majority of the Indian people and none at all to a struggling, perhaps desperate, minority. Diversity is the principal barrier in the way of cultural assimilation; it will continue to be a barrier for generations to come. There are several hundred societies of Indians. Our reservations now support, with bare adequacy, nearly 400,000 inhabitants. And there are more than 100 living Indian languages.

The history of white-Indian relations conforms to a pattern which has come to be associated with the evolution of the democratic faith: a geographical expansion from east to west and a succession of events which mark the development of American nationalism from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. The outlines of that pattern form the character of my own ideas on the subject of Indian cultural integration, and throughout this paper I shall hold a part of my attention on them for the sake of perspective. There is a meaningful symmetry in the shape of the past. More important than the tangible history of white-Indian relations, however, is the interaction of ideas and attitudes which inform that relationship and transcend it. Those ideas and attitudes are, on both sides, matters of morale and morality.

The military campaigns which were waged on the receding frontier of the last century were less consequential by far than was the intrusion of the white man's "civilization" upon the sanc-

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tity of the red man's faith. The Indian can recognize and understand malice, and he can bear pain with a legendary possession of himself. What he can neither recognize nor understand is that particular atmosphere of moral and ideological ambiguity in which the white man prevails, a traditional milieu which is characterized in part by a sense of finality in thought, an immediacy in judgment, and a general preoccupation with efficiency. Implicit in these characteristics is the inclination to impose the most convenient identities upon friends and acquaintances, strangers and enemies. The Indian has been compelled to make his way under an imposed identity of defeat. He has been made to live for a long time with the conviction—now indivisibly his and the white man's—that the best possessions of his mind and soul are inane. Moralities can be violated and destroyed. Moral degeneration is conceived in guilt and nurtured in prejudice. It is among the most hideous of psychological deformities, and it perpetuates itself in its own infection. The Indian has been afflicted with that for which society prescribes neither prevention nor cure. In 1705 there appeared an American book entitled *History of the Present State of Virginia* in which the author, Robert Beverly, described the contemporary circumstances of the Virginia Indians in these words:

> They have on several accounts reasons to lament the arrival of the Europeans, by whose means they seem to have lost their Felicity, as well as their Innocence. The *English* have taken away great part of their Country, and consequently made everything less plenty amongst them. They have introduced Drunkeness and Luxury amongst them, which have multiply'd their Wants, and put them upon desiring a thousand things, they never dreamt of before . . .

The rule of convenience had begun already to enchant the neolithic mind. It is an unbroken spell; in the more than two and a half centuries since Beverly made his observation, the Indians have regained neither felicity nor innocence, and time has brought them new reasons to lament.

Colonel John Moredock of Illinois, whose story is related indirectly by Melville in *The Confidence Man*, was one who, even in the nineteenth century, had outlived his cause. The Indian-hater is no more current than are the atrocities upon which he fed. Yet the particular morality of which Moredock is the spokesman is a cornerstone in the Puritan ethic.

The relationship between the white man and the red was doomed from the outset by a conflict of attitudes and a disposition of intolerance. The initial experience of that relationship was agitated by the cross-purposes of European imperial design. The immediate problems which arose out of colonial establishment are, with reference to the Indian, the common denominators of subsequent history: the question of Indian ownership of land, the development of natural resources, and an uncompromising determination on the part of the white man either to civilize the Indian or to eliminate him. Even so, there was no unanimity in the white man's approach. The Spanish were committed to a system of feudalism; the French were concerned chiefly to exploit the economics of the fur trade; and the English were bound to an agrarian tradition. From the Indian point of view, history has resolved this plurality of interests with a sad significance. It was the English who prevailed in the New World, and it was they whose temperament could concede no use to the Indian. The motives of Spanish and French settlement were sufficiently international in kind to encourage and to realize cooperation. The Indian could be useful to both nations in America and at the same time; he was well suited to serfdom, and he knew no peer as a hunter. In the New World colonies of France and Spain, therefore, there was no alternative to joint occupation of the land. The Indian was invited to participate in the colonial enterprise, and his participation extended to, and included, intermarriage. But the English could respect the Indian neither as hind nor hunter. Indeed, he was worse than useless; he was an impediment.

The moral aspect of the confrontation between Puritan and Indian is given sharp relief in the context of inter-cultural relations by the very nature of Calvinism itself and by the some-

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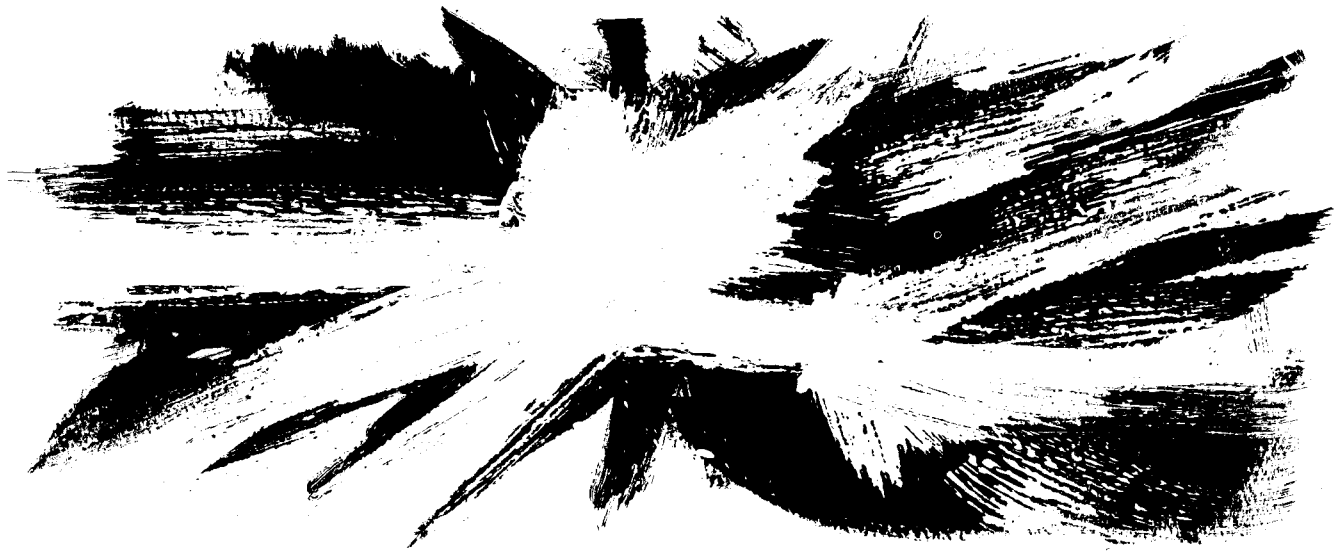

times sudden and violent actualities of history. Such an actuality was the so-called Pequod War, of which everyone has doubtless heard, but of which very few know the causes and effects. It is no wonder. The war is of little historical significance in itself; but, in symbolic terms, it represents a moral precedent upon which a tradition of oppression has been based.

The Pequods were a weak branch of the Algonquin stock which had been severed and driven to the sea by an old warfare with the powerful Iroquois nation. In 1637 the Pequods elected to defend the rich Connecticut Valley against the encroachment of white settlement. Moreover, they threatened to make good their resistance by creating a confederation of local tribes. They were on the point of forming an alliance with the Narragansetts when the recollection of ancient enmities made them pause. Taking full advantage of the hesitation, the English moved swiftly against the Pequods in a campaign that virtually exterminated the entire tribe. The colonists surprised the Indian stronghold at Fort Mystic and burned it to the ground. In just more than an hour, some 600 Indians were shot or burned to death. The English lost two men in the encounter. The grim business of annihilation went on. There began a relentless pursuit of the Pequod survivors. Homeless and grieving, they were easily found and destroyed. The devastation of the Pequods was a triumph of the Puritan spirit. There was celebration in the New England towns, and the Reverend Cotton Mather called upon his congregation to thank God "that on this day we have sent six hundred heathen souls to hell."

An historian of the Pequod War wrote in 1910:

> *No comment which analysts of later times might attempt could possibly compass the vindictiveness of the English upon this occasion. The only palliation available to the historian recording these transactions is to imagine himself surrounded with the perils which menaced the meager population of the English at that time . . . If one could imagine himself in a wilderness of woods beset by a pack of hungry wolves he might better appreciate the situation . . . It is barely possible that in the consummation of these killings of the Pequods the intolerancy of the Puritan found a natural vent, and that he carried on this work with a grim satisfaction . . .*

There is a curious and troubled indecision behind these words. The historian is bending under the weight of an old and malignant confusion of attitudes and loyalties. In the same breath he deplores and defends the morality in which his own prejudices have their roots. He is eminently honest, but he cannot be objective. The

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story he is concerned to tell has become in his own mind the parable of the solitary man and the hungry wolves. His dilemma is one that concerns us all.

A final word on the Pequod War. The Pequods were one of the few peoples who were undiminished by a plague which ravaged the entire coastal plain from Connecticut to Maine in the decade preceding the founding of Plymouth Plantation. It has been estimated that two thirds of all the inhabitants of that region were consumed by pestilence between the years 1613 and 1618. The white men who subsequently touched upon that land were peculiarly alert to the signs of providence. It was their mandate to secure against all impedimenta the indulgence of an angry and merciless God. They recognized at once their Old Testament foe in the New World wilderness; the Fiend was everywhere present in the painted faces which peered from behind the trees and in the suspicious forms which strode over the brittle leaves without noise. The Indian was one whose very existence opposed the will of God; so much was made certain by the fact that God had visited a contagion upon the savage race. He had cleared the way for his faithful and enlightened few through the agency of disease. That conviction, refined and fortified by such historical phenomena as the Pequod War, made once and for all ridiculous Roger Williams' queer notion of giving value for Indian land. Implicit in that conviction are two assumptions which have acquired the status of truth in this society. One is the assumption, already expressed, that the Indian is an impediment to the progress of civilization; the other is the related assumption that the rights, both natural and legal, which dignify the white man are unavailable to the Indian. The particular morality which can accommodate these ideas is pragmatic and malleable rather than ideal and absolute. It is the morality of the dynamo rather than that of the Virgin. It is relevant to the present context that the assumptions here specified suggest a kind of logical syllogism the conclusion of which is a condition of intolerance and aversion. Whatever else he might have been, Colonel Moredock of Illinois was a man who came honestly by his bias.

THE KIOWAS who watched the strange commotion of the stars on the morning of November 13, 1833, were a people whose way of life was relatively new. It was a good life, for it enabled the Kiowas to possess dignity and well-being. In order to understand what happened to the Kiowas when their way of life was destroyed, it is necessary to raise an old religion from the dead. There are two legends in the unwritten literature of the Kiowa people which I shall recount. They are brief, and they will give emphasis to certain points I wish later to make. The first is the story of the man who found Tai-me.

Long ago there were bad times. The Kiowas were hungry and there was no food. There was a man who heard his children cry from hunger, and he began to search for food. He walked four days and became very weak. On the fourth day he came to a great canyon. Suddenly there was thunder and lightening. A Voice spoke to him and said, "Why are you following me? What do you want? The man was afraid. The thing standing before him had the feet of a deer, and its body was covered with feathers. The man answered that the Kiowas was very hungry. "Take me with you," the Voice said, "and I will give you whatever you want." From that day Tai-me has belonged to the Kiowas.

The second legend is that of two warrior brothers.

On a raid against the Utes, one of two Kiowa brothers was captured. The other stole into the Ute camp and tried to set his brother free, but he too was captured. The chief of the Utes had respect for the man's bravery, and he made a bargain with him. If he could carry his brother on his back and walk upon a row of greased buffalo heads without falling to the ground, both brothers would be given horses and allowed to return in safety to their home. The man bore his brother on his back and walked upon the heads of the buffalo and kept his footing. The Ute chief was true to his word, and the Kiowa brothers returned to their people on horseback.

I relate these stories not only because they are

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eloquent and venerable but because they express the truest response to being that man can make. That is their essential value. They are the true reflections of that response, that most moral of human acts. These particular legends grow out of different times and experiences, and they reveal different ways of thinking. Tai-me came to the Kiowas as they were about to enter upon the southern plains. They had no horses, and they were preoccupied with the simple problem of survival. Their culture was based upon the principle of mobility, and they followed the herds of animals which grazed upon a seemingly boundless expanse of land. They knew no better than to hunt on foot with crude weapons. When they found rare moments in which to explain their world to themselves, they did so in terms of suffering and hope. The Tai-me myth is not an entertainment nor even the journal of an old salvation; it is infinitely more. It is an emotional reaction to the elemental experience of being, the affirmation of an eternal reality behind all appearances; it is sacred. But, in itself, myth is an inadequate expression of the human spirit. Ritual, that ancient effort of man to fashion his very bone and muscle into essential prayer, enabled the Kiowas to have existence in a world that was beyond the capacity of the senses to perceive. With Tai-me came the Sun Dance religion.

When my father was a boy, an old man used to come to the house which my grandfather built near Rainy Mountain Creek. He was a lean old man in braids and was impressive in his age and bearing. His English name was Cheyney. Every morning, my father tells me, Cheyney would paint his wrinkled face, go out, and pray aloud to the rising sun. I like to hear of that old man. I like to watch him make his prayer with the eyes of my mind, though I am nearly ashamed to intrude upon so much privacy. Old man Cheyney had come to terms with himself and the world. He did not for a moment doubt the source of his strength, and each morning he returned to it his wonder and his words. The earth where Cheyney prayed is a deep red, and it bears the innumerable wounds of erosion. It is a huge land —so huge that only sound can possess it; a single tree can dominate the plain, but nothing can fill it. It is the kind of landscape in which a man is seen always against the sky—and a man on the back of a horse is regal. The air is hot and clear and filled with an essence that qualifies all objects in the eye and ear. There, in early summer, I have seen the sun rise out of the ground an immense red-orange disc, scarcely brighter than the moon, beautiful and strange and health-giving. It was old man Cheyney's god.

The Sun Dance was the great medicine dance of the Kiowas. It was held at least once each year at a time and place designated by the Tai-me keeper. All the bands of the tribe converged upon the Sun Dance place and camped in the presence of the great ancestral medicine. The institution of the Sun Dance was a concerted expression of tribal integrity. As a social event it was a time for the exchange of gossip and wares, an opportunity to show off prize possessions, a festive occasion upon which to take stock of blood resources and prospects. But the Sun Dance was preeminently an act of faith. It restored power to the people; it invested them with purpose, thus dignity and strength; it enabled them for a moment to partake of divinity, to send their voices—however frail—against the silence at the edge of the world. During the dance Tai-me was exposed to view. It was suspended from a branch of the sacred tree in the Sun Dance lodge. The rest of the time it was—and is now—kept in parfleche which is wrapped in a blanket and bound with strips of ticking. The Sun Dance lasted four days and nights. A buffalo bull was killed, its hide draped on the limbs of the sacred tree and its head impaled at the top. The buffalo was from the beginning the thread of life; it was food and shelter, god and beast. The head of a buffalo bull, uppermost on the Tai-me tree, its terrified dead eyes fixed on the skyline to the east, was the symbol of life itself. And nothing could have been more perfectly symbolic. The Kiowas could have conceived of no greater sacrifice. The principal dancers fasted the four days through and danced to the edge of exhaustion. Paintings of the sun and moon were made on their bodies, and later the flesh was cut away so that the images were permanent. But the dancers were not bled; they were not made to endure torture as

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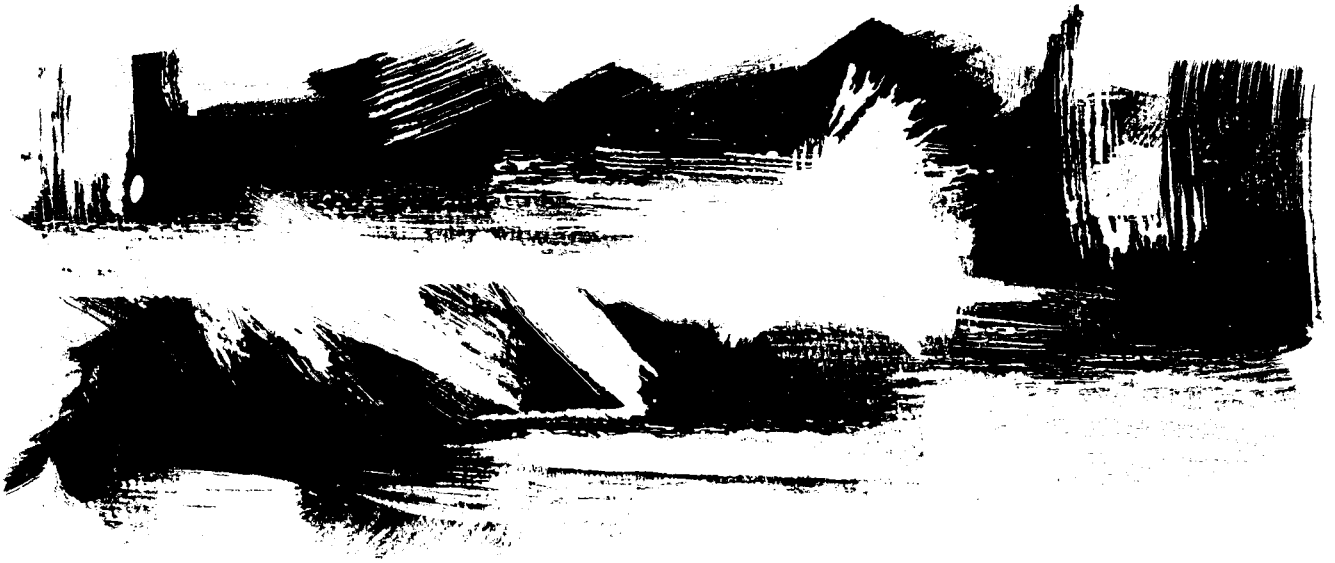
were the dancers of certain other tribes on the plains. Far more intimately than we can easily imagine, the Kiowas bound themselves to their religion. Their committment to faith and morality was total and deliberate. Though the Sun Dance became the supreme religious institution of a young and short-lived culture, it was unspeakably old in itself—as old as the need of man to know his god. The Sun Dance died away because it was forbidden to exist by the white man and because the white man destroyed the buffalo. The last Sun Dance was held in 1887 on a tributary of the Washita river above Rainy Mountain Creek. The buffalo were gone. In order to have their dance, the Kiowas had to buy an animal from the domestic herd which Charles Goodnight preserved in Texas. In 1889 a Sun Dance was planned, but it was found out and prevented by the soldiers at Fort Sill. The Kiowas were going to suspend an old buffalo from the sacred tree. Perhaps the most immoral act ever committed against the land was the senseless killing of the buffalo. The loss of the Sun Dance was the blow that killed the native Kiowa culture. The Kiowas might have endured every privation but that, the desecration of their faith. Without their religion there was nothing to sustain them. Subsequent acceptance of the Ghost Dance, peyote, and Christianity were for the Kiowas pathetic attempts to revive the old deities; they had become a people whose spirit was broken.

My grandmother—she is now in her middle eighties—lives still in the old house where Cheyney came frequently to visit. It pleases her to dwell on the past, and her memory is keen. On the last day of my most recent visit with her she told me again of the red horse my grandfather trained to race. I have heard the story many times. The horse belonged to my great-aunt, but my grandfather trained it, and it was his to race. When the Sun Dance was gone, the Kiowas came together to race their horses; it was their social time. The red horse was the swiftest runner in the territory. Again and again the Comanches and the Cheyennes and the Pawnees and the Caddoes matched their finest animals against it, but it always won. Earlier by half a century or less, the red horse would have been anointed with the medicine of war—it would have been a hunter. When the red horse died, my grandfather placed its bones in a box and kept them in a barn. I can remember seeing them when I was a child. They were stolen some years ago.

It is appropriate to speak of the red horse. It is by no means coincidental that it should be in the foreground of my grandmother's memory. Nor is it remarkable that my grandfather should



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have preserved the bones of a horse – or, for that matter, that they should have been thought valuable enough to steal. The horse is the factor which accounts for the fundamental difference between the legend of the man who found Taime and the tale of the Kiowa brothers. In the earlier setting, before there were horses, the storyteller is sharply aware of his own frailty; he is inhibited by the eternal prospects of pain, hunger, and despair. His mind is compelled to look beyond itself for ease; it recoils from the present world and fastens upon another. All this is turned quite around in the legend of the brothers. In the very motion of that story, there is a satisfaction in the here and now, an enthusiasm for the moment. This is not to imply that the reliance upon myth and religion has become less than integral; it is merely to observe that the storyteller has begun to find his world so various that it can fill and fascinate his whole mind.

About the time of the Pequod War, the Kiowa and the horse came simultaneously upon the southern plains. Then for a hundred years and more the Kiowa and the horse were one. The horse exerted a crucial influence upon virtually every aspect of Kiowa culture. It brought about a revolution. From the pre-horse culture the Kiowas brought only a nomadism and a mythology; the horse brought a new and material way of life. The Kiowa pulled up the roots which had always held him to the ground. He was given the means to prevail against distance. For the first time he could move beyond the limits of his human strength, of his vision, even of his former dreams. No longer was it necessary to stalk the herds, to construct traps, and to carry the meat of the kill on foot. With the horse the Kiowa could acquire enough food in one day to last him many months. He could transport his possessions at will and with only a fraction of his former time and effort. But the greatest change was psychological. Seated behind the withers of a horse, elevated to a height from which the far world was made a possession of the eye, sensually conscious of an immense fund of living power under him and nearly part of him, the Kiowa was greater than he was. When a Kiowa died, the throat of his hunting horse was cut over his grave. The horse bred in the Kiowa a certain defiance. It gave him a taste for danger and an inclination to belligerance. A predatory society is said to bear the seeds of its own destruction. Even at the high tide of the horse culture, when they were most warlike and most feared, the Kiowas could not defend all the quarters of their sway. They ranged over hundreds of miles in quest of quarrels and trophies. They resisted to the death every attempt on the part of the white man to take their land, even after all resistance was known to be futile. When the principle of mobility by which they lived was stifled, when they were driven like cattle into the corrals at Fort Sill and their horses and weapons confiscated, the Kiowas degenerated. When the buffalo were gone and the Sun Dance was prohibited they suffered the loss of their last hope, hope itself. Degeneration is both the cause and effect of despair. The Kiowas had no immunity against the flood of alien forces which fell upon them in defeat. The white man's diseases ravaged them, his conveniences spoiled them, his liquor enslaved and corrupted them. They had returned to the ground actually and symbolically. The centaur was dead.

The sense of defeat is not easily overcome. As do all unrelieved conditions of life, it becomes in time personal and definitive – almost welcome, almost comfortable. In one respect the Pequods were spared the ultimate price of resistance, for they were made to surrender their lives only. The moral nature of the force which destroyed the Pequods and beggared the Kiowas had changed but little in two hundred years. Superficially, a witch-burning psychology had given way to an age of philanthropy. Substantially, however, the soldiers who turned from each other at the Wilderness and Gettysburg to oppose their common enemy on the frontier were moved by the same morality which had created violence elsewhere and before.

THE MORALITY OF INTOLERANCE has become in the twentieth century a morality of pity. The American people might well be sensitive on the subject of Indian welfare. The very survival of the Indian race in its homeland has been an

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inglorious, not infrequently desperate, journal of abuse and shame. The contact with the white man's civilization — it was all too clear at the turn of the century — had failed entirely to enrich the Indian. To the contrary, that civilization had debased him. Surely the white man was hard put to retain his image of the noble savage. For what he saw in actuality — if he dared to look — was not the creature of his imagination but a poor, syphilitic, lice-infested wastrel whose only weapon against despair was alcohol. The death-rate among Indians had begun to exceed the birth-rate. The reservations had at last become contagious colonies and concentration camps. The relaxation of intolerance and the rise of pity are significant footnotes to the evolution of American morality. My colleague Roy Harvey Pearce has written a unique book on the Indian and the idea of civilization. He observes quite accurately that pity and censure have suffused our understanding of the Indian: "... the historical fact is that our civilization, in subduing the Indian, killed its own creature, the savage. The living fact is that it has not yet been able entirely to kill the Indian, but having subdued him, no longer needs or cares to."

The federal government has compiled a poor record of preserving Indian lands. In 1849 the management of Indian affairs passed from the War Department to the Department of the Interior, an agency largely concerned with the task of dispersing public lands among private investors at nominal prices. In 1887, the year of the last Kiowa Sun Dance, Congress passed the Allotment Act, which provided for the subdivision of reservation land into individually owned parcels. With the changeover in federal management, and with the passage of the Allotment Act in particular, the white man began systematically to take possession of the reservations. Allotment was an obvious and efficient means of land robbery. The mechanics of allotment were simple. The owner was required to hold possession of the land for a period of twenty-five years; then he was permitted to sell. If he should die, the allotment was to be divided equally among all his heirs. Quite arbitrarily the government determined the uniform size of allotments on a given reservation and distributed them among the enrolled members of the tribe. Frequently the total number of allotments comprised only a portion of the reservation. The "surplus" land was confiscated and opened to white settlement. The clause which required that land pass to all heirs in common resulted in a ludicrous, mathematical diminution of estates. Many allotments simply dissolved into worthless half-acres in the midst of wastelands. In a two year period following the inception of the allotment system, Indian lands were reduced by 20,000,000 acres. By 1933 the tribes had been dispossessed of nearly 100,000,000 acres, and most of the remainder was under lease to whites. The logic by which the government justified the Allotment Act was disarmingly sound in theory: tribal ownership of land was a deterrent to cultural assimilation; a sense of personal property, the pride of individual ownership would lead directly to acculturation. But the theory failed. The allotments were too small to provide other than the barest agricultural sustenance. The Indians did not know how to farm, and no one saw fit to teach them. The Indians could only sell their land; only the whites could buy it. The land passed from Indian ownership seemingly by a process of natural law.

The politics of the New Deal ended allotment and improved the status of the Indian. Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed John Collier Commissioner of Indian Affairs. It was a fortunate choice. Collier was a social scientist. He recognized the importance of tribal identity to the psychological well-being of the Indian, and he acted upon his conviction that the Indian should remain on his own land, in an environment of his own making. He inaugurated educational programs for young and old alike, programs wholly related to the basic problem of survival: principles of husbandry, irrigation, home economy, soil conservation. The role of the reservation day school became paramount; it was a field laboratory in which the Indian might be exposed on his own terms and without urgency to the world around him. The Indian Service began to give preference to Indian job-applicants, and major steps were taken to eradicate squalor and disease on the reservations. The depression which generated

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and defined the New Deal inadvertently facilitated Collier's methods. Indian economic survival off the reservations was out of the question. The Civilian Conservation Corps sponsored an Indian division; the CCCID provided reservation employment for both whites and Indians. Infinitely more important, it provided an opportunity and an incentive for cooperation between the white man and the red on all levels of the inter-cultural relationship. Considerable progress was made toward the accomplishment of acculturation during the New Deal administration. It was an era of mutual discovery and respect—in all the best meeting ground that has yet been provided.

With the Second World War, and with the prosperity which has followed, the national conscience has shifted again with respect to the Indian. The morality of pity has begun to assume an attitude of impatience. The late climate is a curious hybrid of historical notions. On the surface it resembles that prejudice which stems directly from the assumption that the Indian is a passive and obstructive factor in the national life. On the other hand, it has been informed by the humanitarian temper of the nineteenth century. The contemporary white American is willing to assume responsibility for the Indian—he is willing to take on the burdens of oppressed peoples everywhere—but he is decidedly unwilling to divest himself of the false assumptions which impede his good intentions. He is an ambiguous, even contradictory, man. He is rather like that historian of the Pequod War who reached for an analogy and got hold of a stereotype.

The Relocation Program is the most recent attempt by the Bureau of Indian Affairs to accelerate integration. The program rewards individual Indians who agree to leave the reservations and take employment in the cities. The rewards of urban civilization, however, cannot compensate for the loss of tribal identity, and more than twenty per cent of the relocated Indians return disenchanted to the reservations. Like allotment, relocation is attractive in theory. If an Indian consents to be relocated, his transportation expenses are paid by the government; he is provided with employment and lodging. He has access to recreational and counseling facilities, and he is entitled to the services of specially-trained social workers. The failure of relocation resides with the premise upon which it is based: that the Indian becomes a white man by virtue of living in the presence of white men. It is dangerous to assume that cultural assimilation can occur under ideal conditions over a period of many years; it is patently absurd to suppose that it might occur immediately in downtown Chicago or Los Angeles. The Indian in the city is victimized by the very things which define urban existence. He can neither understand nor be understood because his knowledge of English is inadequate; he cannot support himself or his family because he knows nothing of urban economics; in particular he cannot clear his mind of the innumerable doubts and fears which an alien civilization imposes upon him because he is an Indian. None but an Indian knows so well what it is like to have incomplete existence in two worlds and security in neither. Moreover, relocation is flagrantly misrepresented to the Indian. The accommodations he is given are commonly sub-standard. The ratio of social workers to relocated Indians is grossly inadequate. Indian alcoholism and delinquency are so prevalent as to be major problems in some metropolitan areas.

Relocation is especially interesting in a moral context. There are many who defend relocation for moral reasons. They deplore the idea of "putting the Indian away" on the reservation, of making him a second-class citizen. However righteous this indignation, it is misdirected. It is imperative to consider that the Indian is, for the time being, better off in his own world than in another. His is the only world in which he has a fighting chance. Certainly the Indian cannot remain indefinitely isolated; that is neither possible nor desirable. When the Indian no longer needs the reservation, he will leave it of his own accord.

The infamous Termination Bills, Congressional legislation designed to terminate federal responsibility for Indians at the earliest possible date, have greatly retarded the process of acculturation. And they have invited exploitation of Indian property. The Eisenhower administration, committed to a pledge of reduced federal power,

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initiated an all-out drive to place the states in charge of their Indian tribes. Long established federal services such as Indian education and development of Indian land resources have begun suddenly to come under the jurisdiction and control of the state governments. Indian education has been crucially affected by the cessation of federal management. State Departments of Education make a strong bid to increase their rolls with Indian students for the reason that the federal government continues to allocate funds for the purpose of Indian education. For every Indian child who is enrolled in a public school, therefore, the national government contributes to the coffers of public education. In consequence, there is a strong temptation to place the emphasis upon profit rather than upon learning. Too, the infiltration of public schools by Indian students results in a general retardation of the learning process. Because of the language differential and related factors the Indian child is well behind his white counterpart at every stage of formal education; moreover, the gap becomes wider at each successive stage. In an integrated classroom of white and Indian students, either one or the other group is neglected, and the learning potential of both is unrealized.

In 1958-59 I taught in a school which recently had been converted from a government Indian boarding school to a public day school. The student body was composed predominantly of Navajo and Apache youths; there was a small percentage of Anglo and Spanish students. Because the school was situated on a reservation, and because of its large number of Indian students, it was the wealthiest school in the entire district; its gleaming science laboratory was, as I remember, particularly impressive. Yet its public school curriculum was not in keeping with the needs of its particular student body. The Indian boys and girls who attended my classes were ill advised to study a foreign language before they had got possession of English or to pursue chemistry before they had learned how to grow sufficient food for their prospective families. They were bright young people, and their response was eager. Were they to be given the chance to apply their minds directly to their immediate world, rather than to a world that can only be for them hypothetical, they should soon repudiate that isolation which at once inhibits and sustains them. Most public schools, of course, are off the reservations. The Indian children must enter an environment in which their racial characteristics are made conspicuous and they themselves are made self-conscious. Public education at this time can only discourage that confidential relationship between teacher and pupil which is indispensable to the accomplishment of acculturation. The teacher needs, as fully as possible, to understand the way in which his students think. He needs to know as much about their world as he should like them to know about his, including its history, its language, and its beliefs. Such reciprocal learning is admittedly ideal rather than practical. Notwithstanding, we should be always conscious of the ideal and come as close to it as we can.

"WHERE are you going?"

That is the conventional formula of greeting at the eastern pueblo of Jemez, where I lived for the better part of the last twenty years.

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In 1946 the pueblo numbered about 1,000 inhabitants. In the past eighteen years the population has grown by nearly 30 per cent; the mode of transportation has changed from the horse and wagon to the automobile; electricity has replaced the old kerosene lamps and the flatirons and has introduced refrigeration; and only in the last year a sewage system has been constructed. In order to appreciate fully the significance of these changes, one must, I suspect, have seen the world upon which they were wrought. The forces of civilization and progress have moved across the pueblo like a glacier and, in their path, nothing can ever be the same again. Convenience has brought the old attendant ills. Alcoholism has become a menace of frightening proportions. Juvenile delinquency, unknown to Jemez in 1946, is now a cancerous problem. A number of Jemez tribesmen have migrated to the cities under the auspices of relocation, and a number have returned to sit in gloom and lethargy. Jemez is in a sense a late chapter in the history of white-Indian confrontation. In adherance to the general pattern of which I spoke earlier, the age-old cultural conflict now centers upon the sedentary reservations of the southwestern United States.

The pueblos are the most anachronistic clusters of humanity in this country. In spite of the influence which the modern world has exerted upon them, they remain islands of refuge in time and space, committed absolutely to the principles of independence and isolation. For three hundred years the pueblos remained nearly impervious to the white man's interference, but since the Second World War, and with the currency of such concepts as relocation and termination in particular, the old ways are being lost. The sense of temporality which lately pervades the old *costumbres* is, one tells himself, an illusion produced by the sad certainty that, beyond these sanctuaries, cultural extinction is imminent. There is in the Indian towns also a sense of timelessness and peace. No one who has watched the winter solstice ceremonies at Jemez can have failed to perceive the great spiritual harmonies which culminate in those ancient rites. None who has heard the deep droning concert of the singers and the insistent vibration of the drums can have mistaken the old, sacred respect for sound and silence which makes the magic of words and literatures. More symbolic of the cultural spirit even than these is the race which is run at dawn before the spring clearing of the Jemez irrigation ditches. The course is south of the town, on the old wagon road which runs to San Ysidro. It is a stick-race; the runners imitate the Cloud people who fill the arroyos with life-giving rain, and keep in motion, with only their feet, a "stick-ball" which represents the moving drift at the water's edge. The first race each year comes in February, and then the dawn is clear and cold, and the runners breathe steam. It is a long race, and it is neither won nor lost. It is an expression of the soul in the ancient terms of sheer physical exertion. To wach those runners is to know that they draw with every step some elemental power which resides at the core of the earth and which, for all our civilized ways, is lost upon us who have lost the art of going in the flow of things. In the tempo of that race there is time to ponder morality and demoralization, hungry wolves and falling stars. And there is time to puzzle over that curious and fortuitous question with which the people of Jemez greet each other. It is a question we might put in our own mouths to ward off the immorality of indifference.

N. Scott Momaday *teaches in the English Department of the University of California at Santa Barbara.*

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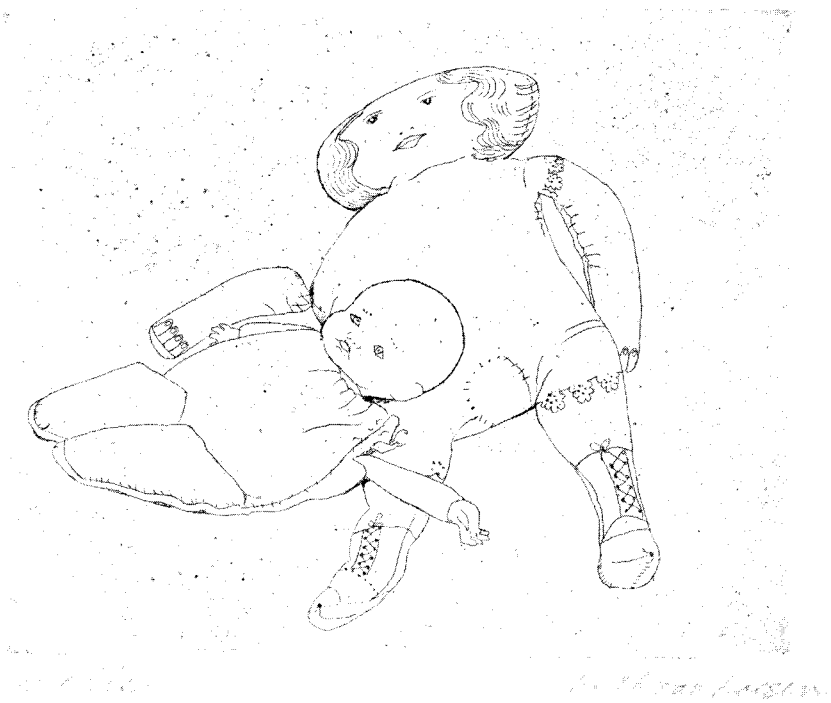

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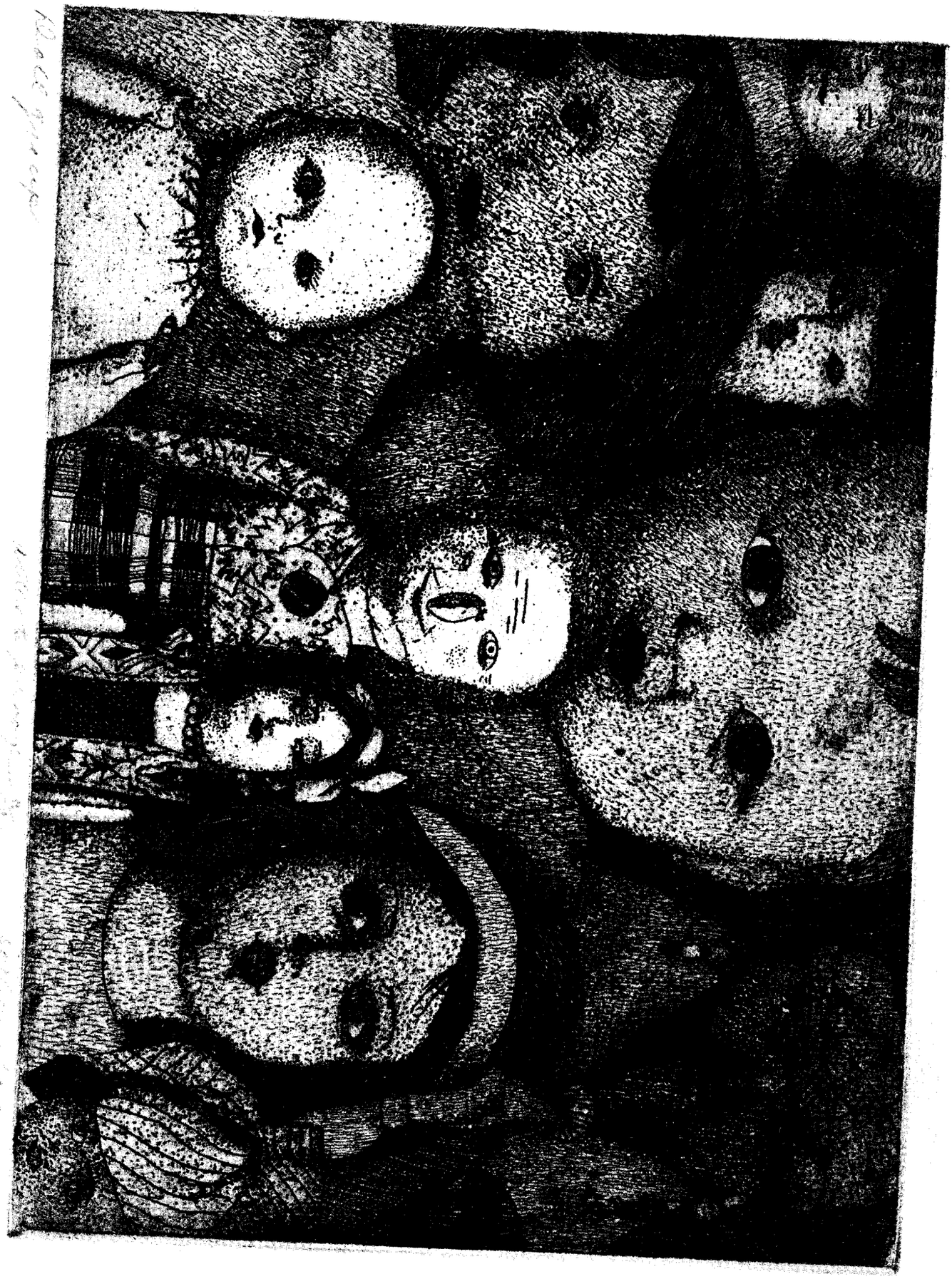

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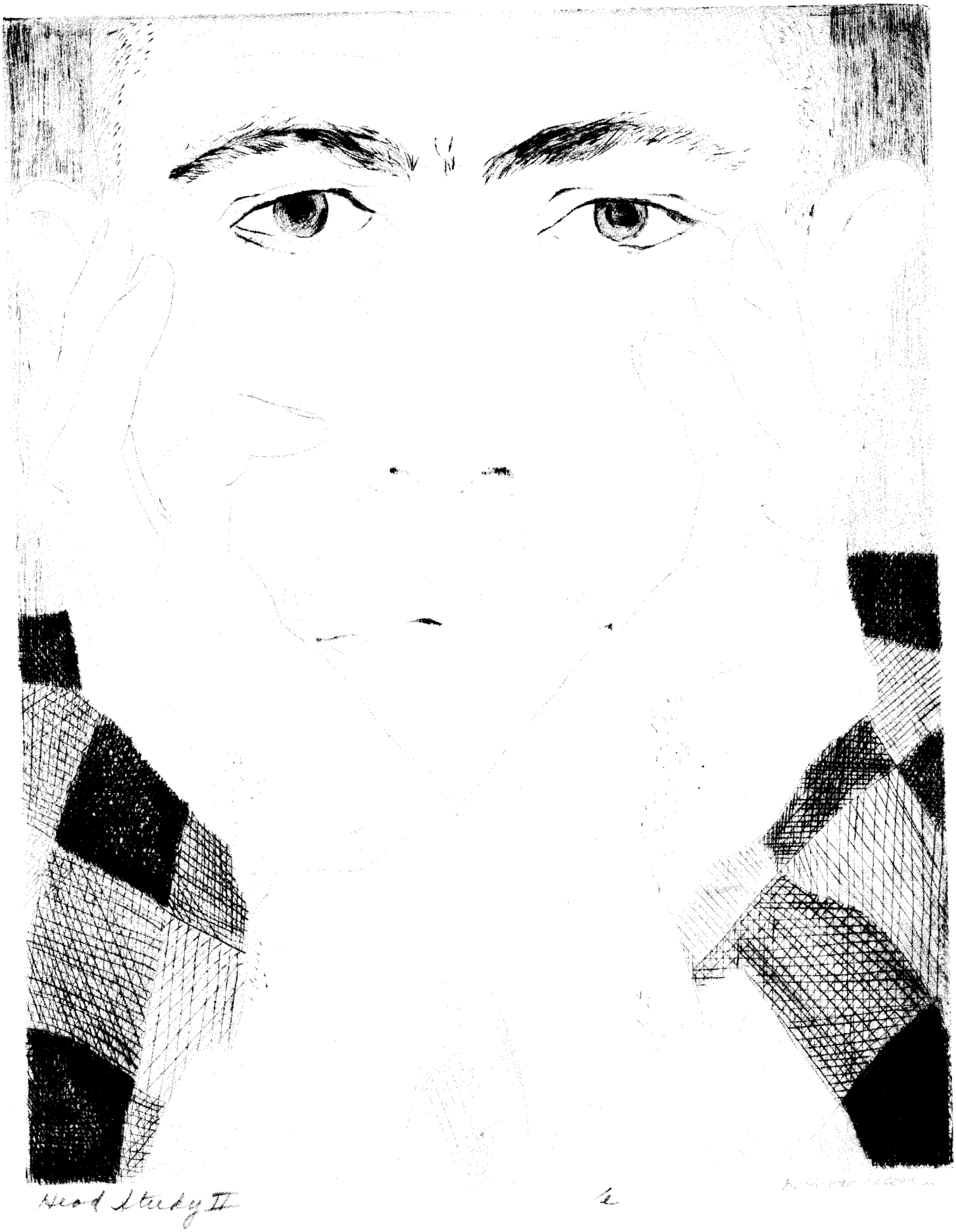

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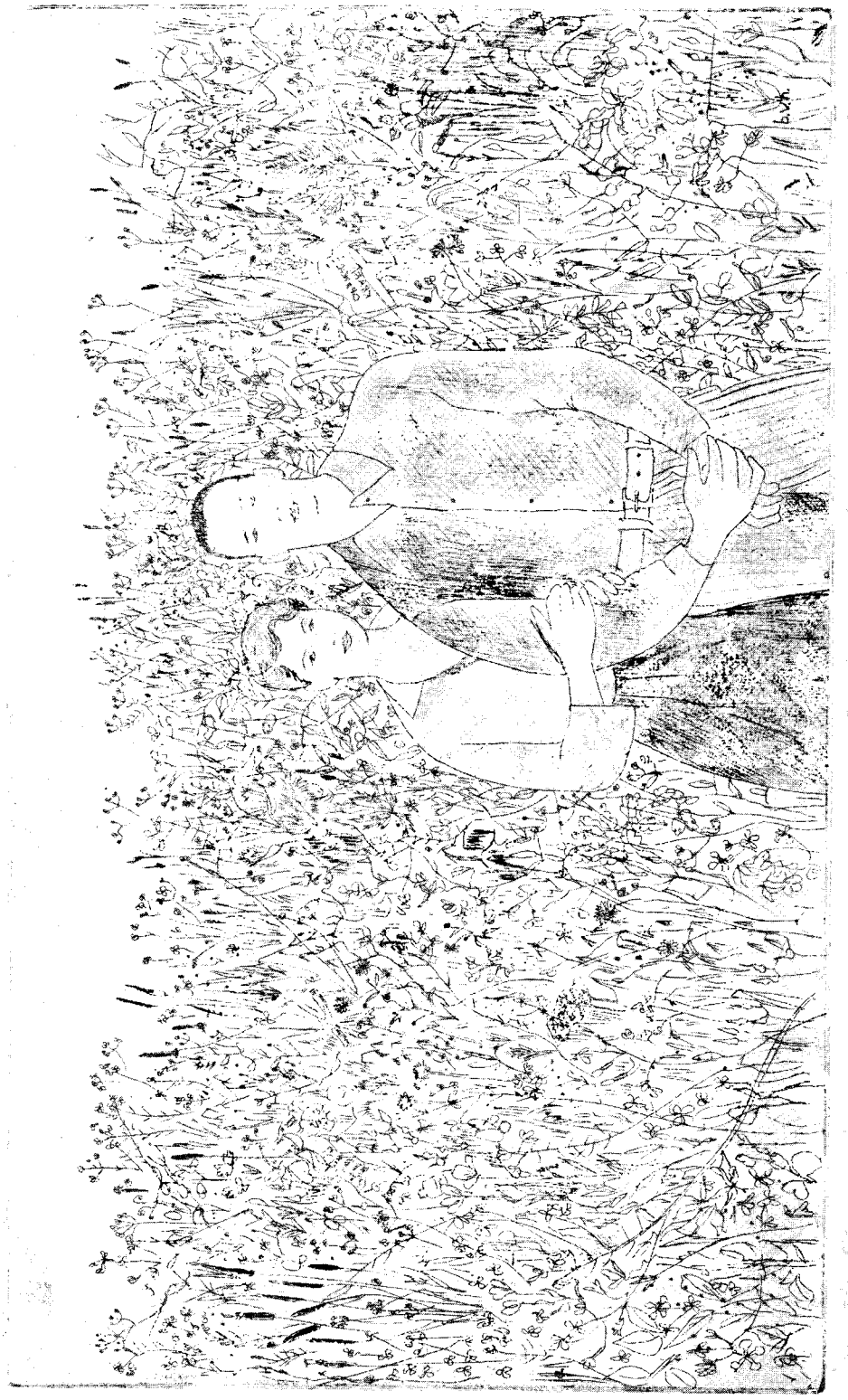

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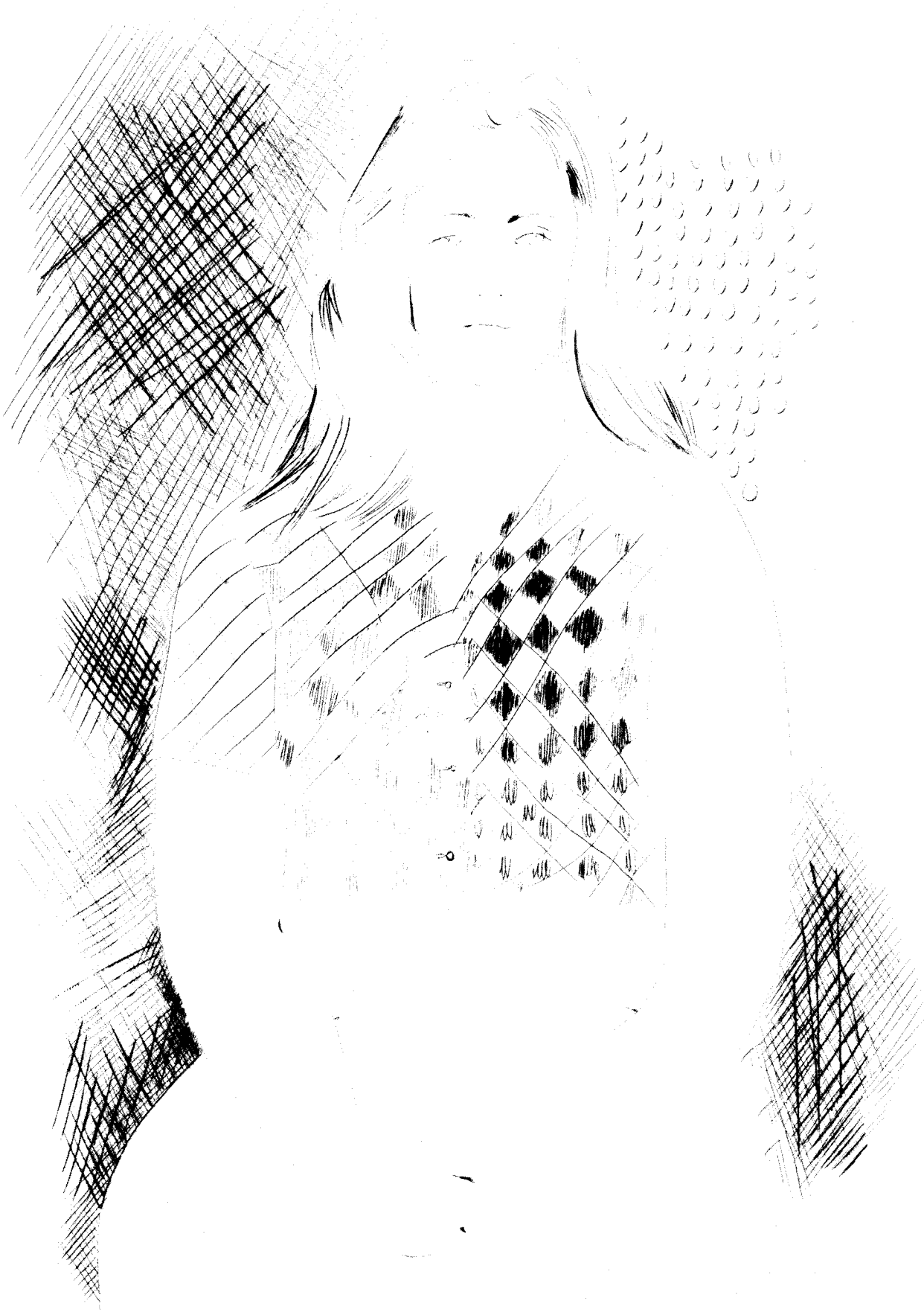

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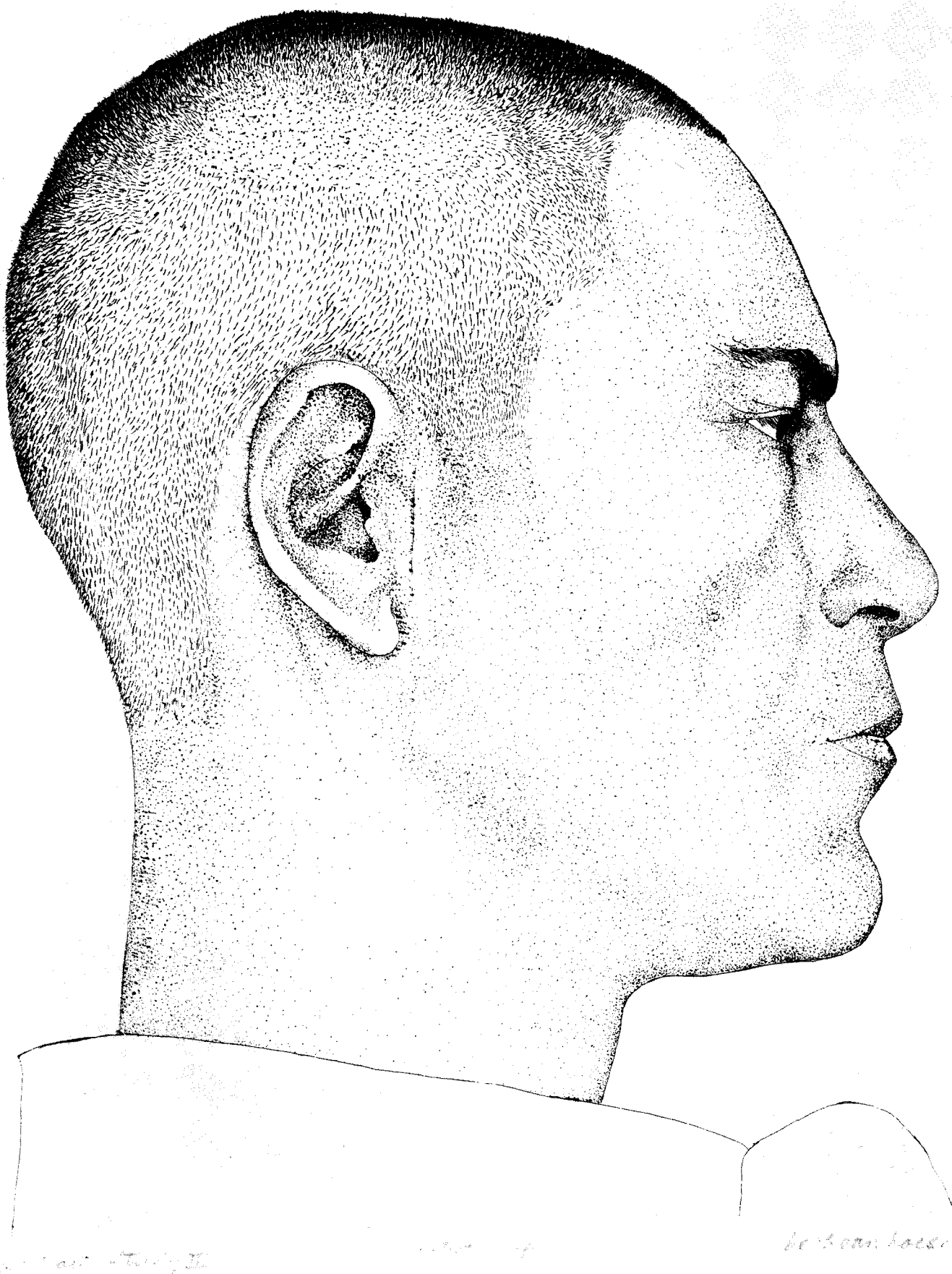

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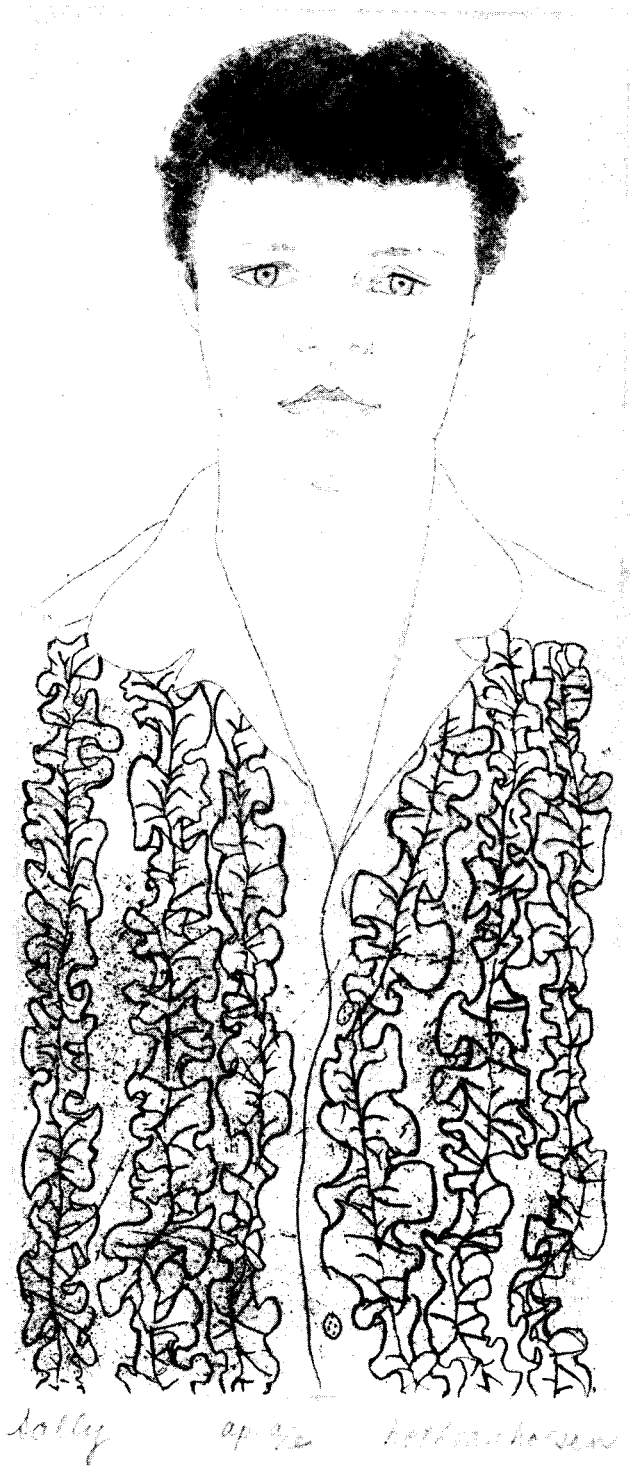

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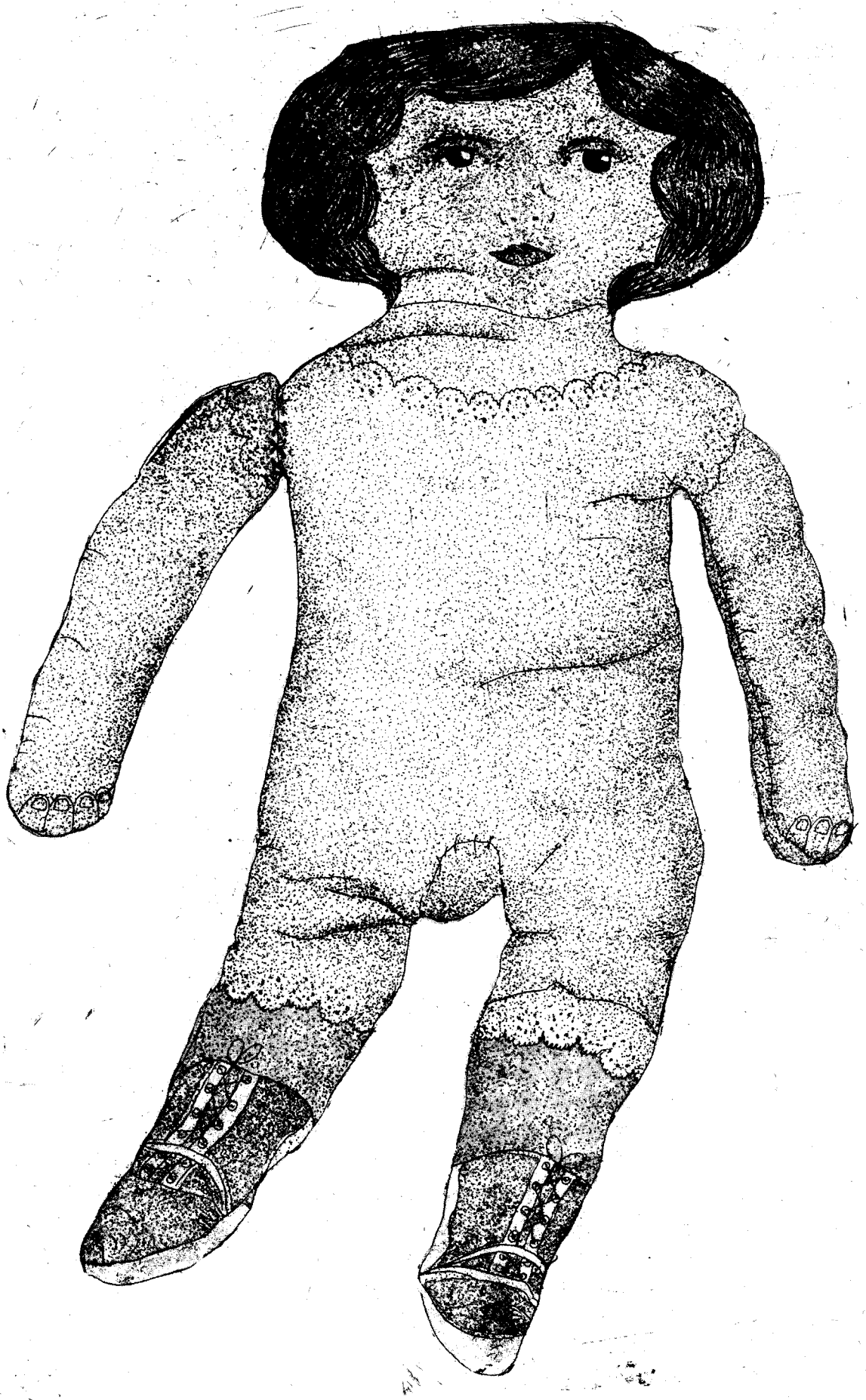

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Trude Weiss-Rosmarin

ECUMENISM AND THE JEWS

JEWS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD and American Jews in particular suffered a traumatic shock of disappointment when the Vatican announced, on November 21st, 1963, that "separate votes at an unspecified date will be taken on Chapters four and five of the schema on ecumenism." The two chapters were distributed in draft form to the Fathers of Vatican Council II, on November 8th, 1963, under the title of "De Catholicorum habitudine ad non-Christianos et maxime ad Judaeos" (The Attitude of Catholics Toward Non-Christians, Particularly Toward the Jews). While the text of the draft was not made public, the Vatican Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity released the following communiqué under the date of November 8th, 1963:

"This morning there was distributed to the Fathers of Vatican Council II a draft on The Attitude of Catholics Toward Non-Christians, Particularly Toward the Jews—De Catholicorum habitudine ad non-Christianos et maxime ad Judaeos. This draft was prepared over a period of two years by the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity, of which His Eminence Augustin Cardinal Bea is president. It is to form the fourth chapter of the schema on ecumenism, the first three chapters of which had already been submitted to the bishops.

"This document is entirely religious in its contents and spiritual in its purpose. It is out of an ever-growing appreciation of the church's sacred heritage that the Council pays attention to the Jews, not as a race or a nation but as the chosen people of the Old Testament. The clear and unequivocal language of the text gives the secretariat confidence that no other motive will be read into it than that of the all-embracing love of the late Pope John, who himself had wished that the theme be prepared for the Council Fathers.

"The draft deals first with the deep bond that ties the church to the chosen people of the Old Testament. According to God's merciful design, the church has its roots in the covenant made by God with Abraham and his descendants. This plan of salvation for all mankind finds its culmination in the coming of Jesus Christ, son of David and descendant of Abraham according to the flesh. Through Him the divine call first given to the chosen people of old is extended through His church to the entire world.

"A second point the draft makes is that the responsibility for Christ's death falls upon sinful mankind. It was to atone for the sins of every man that the Son of God willingly offered Himself on the cross. The part the Jew-

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ish leaders of Christ's day played in bringing about the crucifixion does not exclude the guilt of all mankind. But the personal guilt of these leaders cannot be charged to the whole Jewish people either of His time or today. It is therefore unjust to call this people 'deicide' or to consider it 'cursed' by God. St. Paul, in his letter to the Romans, assures us that God has not rejected the people whom He has chosen.

"The document presented goes on to affirm that the church can never forget that it was from Abraham's stock that Christ, his Blessed Mother and the apostles were born.

"In keeping with its objectives, the Council document does not propose to deal with the various causes of anti-Semitism. However, it does indicate that the sacred events of the Bible and, in particular, its account of the crucifixion, cannot give rise to disdain or hatred or persecution of the Jews. Preachers and catechists, the text states, are admonished never to present a contrary position; furthermore, they are urged to promote mutual understanding and esteem.

"It is clear, therefore, that both the contents and purposes of the document are purely religious. It cannot be called pro-Zionist or anti-Zionist since it considers these as political questions and entirely outside of its religious scope. In fact, any use of the text to support partisan discussions or particular political claims or to attack the political claims of others would be completely unjustified and contrary to every intention of those who have composed it and presented it to the Council.

"Some recent newspaper accounts have mentioned the immediate possibility of an official observers to Vatican Council II delegated by the World Jewish Congress. The incident referred to is not a recent one, but took place in the summer of 1962. The Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity did not consider the proposal seriously at that time and is not doing so now."—N. Y. Times, November 9th, 1963, Page 2.

This *draft* communiqué (the emphasis is on *draft*) was greeted with excessive enthusiasm and, as I see it, untimely jubilation by most official spokesmen of American Jewry who failed to consider that the communiqué was no more than a *draft*, presented for discussion, and not a definitive declaration. The hasty and wishful acceptance of a *draft* for a declaration, followed by severe disappointment when the error was realized, stems from the unrealistic expectations which Jewish organizations placed in the Ecumenical Council with respect to the age-old Jewish hope for a better understanding of the Synagogue ("the mother") by the Church ("the daughter"). Thus, the World Jewish Congress and other Jewish groups as well, had wishfully assumed that the ecumenism of Vatican II would be broad enough to provide for "official Jewish observers," a notion which "the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity did not consider seriously."

This does not imply, however, that the Fathers of the Council are insensitive to the evil of anti-Semitism. Many of them, no doubt, agree with John C. Heenan, the Archbishop of Westminster, who professed: "It is my personal view that *de judaeis* should not remain part of the schema on ecumenism. It should be given separate consideration. What is really needed is a statement by the Pope and bishops that anti-Semitism in whatever form stands solemnly condemned by the full authority of the Catholic Church" (quoted from "The Vatican Council and the Jews," *The Jewish Chronicle*, London, December 27th, 1963). Archbishop Heenan corroborated the unofficial reports that the draft on *de judaeis* was postponed for political reasons, especially out of consideration for the feelings of the Arabs. Writes Archbishop Heenan:

"As we all know, it is impossible in the twentieth century to consider the Jews only as a religious group. For most people the expression 'anti-Semitism' suggests not religious but racial persecution. This is one of the reasons why the bishops from the Middle East could not view the chapter on the Jews as an academic exercise in theology. While aware of the inhuman cruelty inflicted on the Jewish people during this century, they were also conscious of the misery of many of the Arabs in the Middle East. If the Council were to

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condemn any harsh treatment of Jews by non-Jews, these bishops maintained, the picture must be balanced by a condemnation of any harsh treatment by Jews of non-Jews."—Jewish Chronicle, December 27th, 1963.

One might object that one cannot compare the persecution of the Jews as "deicides" with the "harsh treatment" of Arabs during the Israel War of Independence.

As I see it, it is the theology of the New Testament, alone and exclusively, which prevents an *official* declaration of the Church of Rome clearing the Jews of the charge of deicide. The New Testament unequivocally charges "the Jews" with the responsibility for the Savior's death. The great paradox of Christian theology is that while the believing Christian avows the mystery of his Savior's free-will sacrificial death in order to atone as the Sinless Lamb of God for the sins of all mankind, he simultaneously accuses "the Jews" of the crime of deicide. In recent years, Christian textbooks of virtually all denominations have been purged of references to the Jews as deicides. Christian religious education is to be commended for these efforts. Still, I cannot help wondering of what good Christian textbook revisions deleting statements referring to the Jews' guilt in the crucifixion are, when the sacred Scripture on which the textbooks are based state clearly and unequivocally that "the Jews" are guilty of the crime.

Take, for example, the account of the trial and sentencing of Jesus as recorded in the Gospel According to Saint Matthew:

"*When the morning was come all the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus to put him to death. And when they had bound him, they led him away, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate, the governor . . . And Jesus stood before the governor, and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the king of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest it. And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him never a word; insomuch that the governor marveled greatly. Now at that feast [Passover] the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And there had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas. Therefore, when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas or Jesus which is called Christ? For he knew that for envy they had delivered him . . . But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask for Barabbas and destroy Jesus. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas. Pilate said unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all said unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this man, see ye to it. Then answered all the people and said, His blood be on us, and on our children" (Matthew 27:11–25).*

Will textbook revisions or even a declaration of the Ecumenical Council cancel out the impact of this Gospel account which is truth implicit for every believing Christian? In order to assess fully the part of the New Testament in the conflagration of anti-Semitism, one must take stock of all the chapters and passages of this sacred text which accuse the Jews of the most heinous of crimes. Thus, the Gospel According to Saint Mark stresses the Jewish guilt in the death of Jesus even more emphatically than Matthew.

"*And Pilate answered and said unto them, What will ye then that I shall do unto him whom ye call the King of the Jews? And they cried out again, Crucify him. Then Pilate said, Why, what evil hath he done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify him" (Mark 15, 12–14).*

The Gospel According to Saint Luke exonerates Pilate of all guilt in Jesus' death by stating that he was an innocent tool of the Jews eager to shed Jesus' blood:

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"Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them. But they cried, saying, crucify him, crucify him. And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him: I will therefore chastise him, and let him go. And they were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified. And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed" (Luke 23, 20–23).

The Gospel According to Saint John emphasizes that Pilate wanted to save Jesus but was compelled by the Jews to sentence him:

"And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him [Jesus]; but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha. And it was the preparation of the Passover, and about the sixth hour: and he said unto the Jews, Behold your King! But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate said unto them, Shall I crucify your king? The chief priests answered, We have no King but Caesar. Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led him away (John 19, 12–16).

The "Acts of the Apostles" disparage the Jews for persecuting Jesus and his disciples and for stoning Stephen (Acts 7, 57 ff.). They are accused of plotting the murder of Saul, who became Paul (Acts 9, 23 f.; 23, 14), and of stirring up revolt and persecution against him and other followers of the new faith (Acts 13, 50; 14, 2 ff.; 17, 5 ff.; 21, 27 ff.; 23, 14 ff.; 25, 1 ff.; 28, 17 ff.). Paul's "Epistles" picture the Jews in an especially unfavorable light. Paul vented freely his anger on his former coreligionists who refused to convert as he had. When the Jews would not follow him, he proclaimed the followers of Jesus as the "true Israel," a dogma which is part of the theology of all Christian Churches (see Romans 2, 28 f.).

In the Middle Ages, and more recently in Eastern Europe, the Easter Week was a dreaded season for the inhabitants of the Jewish quarters. During those days of the religious commemoration of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus, the religious frenzy of the masses would often erupt in pogroms. In the Western democracies we need not fear mob violence as the result of the reading of the crucifixion story on Good Friday. But is there any doubt that Christian believers, no matter how enlightened, progressive and liberal, will leave the Church on Good Friday with some negative attitudes to Jews? Indeed, the Nicean Creed and the Apostle's Creed do not mention the Jewish guilt, but the Gospels do—and this has tragic consequences.

To be sure, there is the authoritative Christian interpretation of the crucifixion as vicarious atonement for the collective guilt of mankind and for the sins of every descendant of Adam. *But this is interpretation.* Important though it is, it cannot undo and cancel out the statements in the sacred texts which point to the Jews as the instrumentality and the agents-executors of the crucifixion.

Jews are grateful for the sincere efforts of liberal Christians in eliminating statements from Christian religious textbooks fomenting prejudice and hatred. They appreciate the good intentions of removing the deicide charges from the textbooks—but purging the textbooks is not enough. Removing from the textbooks paraphrased New Testament passages seems pointless when the original text stands as it is. Christian "good will" still ends at the portals of the Churches and of the Sunday Schools where the New Testament is read.

In a certain sense, the Gospels and the "Acts of the Apostles" are, of course, the records of a "family quarrel" between Judaism, the mother, and her daughter, Christianity. Family feuds, especially when fought in the religious arena, are bitter and intense. This explains the acrimony of all New Testament references to the Jews, *written by Jews* who had accepted the faith of the Nazarene as the fulfillment of Judaism, as they saw it.

Decried as heretics by the Synagogue into which they were born, the first followers of

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Jesus and his Apostles decried the Synagogue as stubborn and blind to the new revelation. To prove the truth of the New Covenant, it was necessary to prove that the Old Covenant had been superseded—not cancelled with respect to the *pre*-New Covenant era—and this was possible only by the proclamation of the New Israel of faith as "The Israel of God," in succession to the Israel of the flesh with whom God entered into the *Old* Covenant . . .

Jews do not recognize a new covenant—even as Christianity must insist that the old covenant is no longer valid. The theological rivalry of Jews and Christians, each laying claim to being God's elect by an eternal covenant, is hard to resolve and to heal. It is the rivalry of mother and daughter as well as the sibling rivalry of Cain and Abel and Jacob and Esau. Into its making go the insecurity of the mother threatened by the daughter poised to take her place—and the trepidation of the daughter who cannot be sure of herself and her legitimacy unless she is "acknowledged" by the mother as "legitimate." And it is also the insecurity of the sibling who has been displaced by a competing brother, and the successful brother's unsureness of his victory.

Both Judaism and Christianity lay claim to the exclusive possession of a *valid* covenant and both know that while God's love and mercy go out to all man, there can be—and there is—only *one* covenant in force . . .

It is both reasonable and logical to argue that what *some* Jews did almost two thousand years ago cannot possibly be construed as implicating their present-day descendants. Besides, there is an abundance of historical evidence, much of it adduced by non-Jewish scholars, that the Jews of Jesus' time had not the power to influence Roman jurisdiction in Judaea under Roman sovereignty. Crucifixion was a distinctly Roman barbarian method of execution. Under Jewish law, the death penalty is inflicted by stoning. But let us assume, for the sake of argument, that Jesus' Jewish brethren were as guilty as charged by the Gospels. Does this mean that all Jews for all generations to come share in this guilt? Is it not accepted that the bloody atrocities of wars—including the slaughter of women and children—must be consigned to forgetfulness when peace is concluded. During the Second World War (we need not go back further . . .) the Germans killed millions of civilians in aerial attacks and they murdered six million Jews and many millions of other "undesirables." American airplanes showered death and destruction upon millions of Germans—and we dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima avenging Pearl Harbor. Less than a quarter of a century later, however, we are on the best of terms with our enemies of World War II—and they with us. And in Israel, David Ben-Gurion and many other distinguished leaders plead that the Germany of Adenauer and Erhardt is not the Germany of Hitler and the Nazis.

Why, then, do the Jews of today, almost two thousand years after the crucifixion, still have to be cleared of the charge of deicide?

The reason is the Christian tenet that those who refuse to acknowledge Jesus as *their* Messiah and Savior are guilty of killing him. In the words of "Hebrews" (6:6) "they [the Jews] crucify to themselves the Son of God, and put him to an open shame." Hans Joachim Schoeps reminds us that "the arguments of the Christian polemics against Judaism have been the same for over nineteen centuries." One of these doctrines is that "the punishment resulting from the crucifixion of Jesus is the destruction of the Jerusalem temple. This is an expression of God's consequent rejection of the people of Israel, who, because of their hardness of heart, must wander through the world until the Lord's return. Then all Israel will be converted, enter into the knowledge of Jesus and find salvation through him." —"The Jewish Christian Argument" (Holt Rinehart and Winston 1963), p. 18 f.

In connection with Pope Paul VI's pilgrimage to the Holy Land, there was noticeable a great reticence on the part of the Pontiff to avail himself of the facilities of the State of Israel. He entered and left the Holy Land at the airport of Amman in Jordan, curtailing his stay in Israel to the barest minimum of ten hours. I do not see how the Pontiff could have acted otherwise. I cannot see either how the Vatican could politically recognize Israel when the very existence of

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the Jewish State is a refutation, as it were, of the Christian dogma, accepted by both Catholics and those Christians to whom the ecumenists refer as "separated brethren," that the Jews survive as eternal and homeless wanderers ("The Wandering Jew") till the second coming, in order to bear witness to the truth of Christianity at "the end of the days."

Orthodox Jews do not regard Israel as the complete fulfillment of the Hebrew prophets' promise of the return of the children to their borders in the Promised Land. But they acknowledge that the State of Israel is "the beginning of the redemption" of the prophetic promises of the end of the Exile. The State of Israel discomfits the Church (the churches, really) because it has taken the curse of homelessness and contempt from the Eternal Wanderer. It is a solution of the Jewish problem which contradicts the Christian dogma that only baptism can lift "the curse" and the punishments of homelessness and persecution resting on the Jews.

During his pilgrimage in the Holy Land, the Pontiff stayed at the Apostolic legation in Jordan. There is no Apostolic legation in Israel and seasoned political observers are agreed that there is no likelihood for the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Israel as this would imply recognition of the State of Israel. On the strength of theology, the Vatican cannot recognize the State of Israel because it refutes the Christian dogma of the inevitability of Jewish statelessness and homelessness as punishment for the Jews' refusing to acknowledge Jesus as the Messiah promised by the Hebrew prophets.

The child who is disowned by the parent is insecure. Let us not forget that Christianity, "the daughter," was disowned by "the mother" after rejecting her "parent." But with all her pride and success the "daughter" is uneasy when confronted with her progenitor's affirmations of the exclusively *Jewish* meanings of the Old Testament. And, the "mother" is exasperated, and even outraged, by the "daughter's" proclamation "that the true Israel of God is the Church." Theologically, a co-existence of the Church and the Synagogue, is impossible, as the Church sees it. Adolphe von Harnack succinctly summarized the basic and universal Christian theology: "The chosen people throughout was the Christian people, which always existed in a sort of latent condition though it came to light at first with Christ."

The exclusivism of "there is no salvation outside the Church" places the Jews and all others who are not baptized in the inferior category of the "unsaved." They are not "separated brethren" and part of the community of the recipients of the Mystical Body of Christ through baptism. Ecumenism extends, in fact, only to the baptized of the people of God. "The layman is sanctified and made a member of the people of God through baptism," writes Bernard Haering. "Baptism is the sacrament grafting the recipient to the Mystical Body of Christ, to the people of the New Alliance. This sacrament in a true sense makes all those of our brethren who bear the name of Christ, even though they are not yet part of the visible community of the one Catholic Church. Baptism is the basis of our obligation to love and honor the separated brethren who through no personal fault have not yet found the true Church."

Vis-à-vis the Church (really the churches) the Jews are in a class by themselves. Christians cannot regard them in the manner of Moslems, Buddhists, and other non-Christians because they, the Jews, were chosen in the beginning. Their sin is, as Christian theology sees it, that they rejected and reject their mission of chosenness by denying the truth implicit in the words of their own Prophets who announced the era of Christ.

Christianity claims to be in possession of the truth. Judaism's refusal to acknowledge the Christian interpretation of Hebrew Scripture, therefore, is a frontal attack on the Church. "The obstinacy" of Israel, the first born, to yield and admit that the birthright has been taken away from her and given to the Church is a thorn in her side. For if Judaism were true and if the crucial chapters of Isaiah 2 and 53 did not refer to Jesus, as the Jewish commentaries say and as all Jews are taught, then as Dr. A. Riley put it, the conclusion would be that "Christianity was based on the greatest fraud of history" (The

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Catholic Mind, January 1945).

Although Christians and Jews share the Hebrew Bible, the texts are differently interpreted by Church and Synagogue. Thus, while to Christians Isaiah's messianic prophesies *are* fulfilled in Jesus, the Jews are still awaiting their *true* Messiah. Martin Buber succinctly summed up the differences of Christianity and Judaism when he said that the former avows that the Messiah *has come*, while the latter *awaits* his coming in an unredeemed world. Hundreds of "Old Testament" proof-texts applied to Jesus and the Church have been and are contested by Jewish students of the Bible and by Judaism who insist that not a single passage of the "Old Testament" refers to Jesus and that those who claim such texts as "proofs" misread and misinterpret.

In return, the Church and Christian theology decry the blindness of the Jews which keeps them from *seeing* what is clearly written in their sacred Hebrew Scriptures.

The Christian tenet of the Jews' *inherited* sin as deicides stems from the determinism implicit in "original sin." In a theology which is anchored in the rationale of the automatic transmission of Adam's sin to all his descendants, it is perfectly logical that the descendants of Jesus' Jewish contemporaries who rejected him as their messiah be held responsible for their ancestors' transgression. If Adam's sin can implicate *all* of mankind, the sin of *some* Jews of almost two thousand years ago can implicate *all* Jews. And if Adam's sin can only be forgiven by the grace of baptism, it follows that the sin which the Jews collectively inherit requires the same type of atonement as well.

There are problems, the Rabbis of the Talmud admitted, which defy the ingenuity of man. They expressed the hope that the Prophet Elijah, in the Days of the Messiah, would provide the answers. The Christian belief that the Second Coming will complete what was left unfinished during the Savior's sojourn on earth is expressive of the same insight, i.e., that human resources cannot solve all human problems.

Is it too much to ask that for the duration of *this* order Christians and Jews unite in *attempting* to do God's will, as announced by Micah ("It hath been told thee, O man, what is good, and what the Lord doth require of thee; only to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God" 6:8), while waiting for the Lord's word on the questions *we* cannot answer?

TRUDE WEISS-ROSMARIN *is the editor of* The Jewish Spectator.

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LORD HAMLET'S VIGILS IN PACIFIC HEIGHTS

harry stiehl

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1.

Cursing the Irish and their mackerel wit,
Honed on the cornerstone of Church and State
In Spellmanized America,—I sit
Staring at pierlights winking at the gate
Of darkness: apples on the soaring Cross
Of superstition this October night
Now candy-dunning children roam the streets
Shrouded in death's-heads and in muslin sheets.
The Navy searchlights in the heavens cross;
The bridges arch their crescent wheels of light.

The bridges arch their crescent wheels of light:
Those ghostly whispering hammers glimmering Tyre
Where Crane descended in his loveless flight
To folly, to refinement in the fire.
O years past midnight, staring, I have stood
Within the spell of sea-change and the tides,
Brooding on greatness and its ruinous claim:
That broken spirit, twisting in the flame,
Is raked by arrows in the midnight wood
As the Prince of Midnight in my mirror rides.

The Prince of Midnight in my mirror rides:
Manu sinistra, fat with Hallowe'en.
I stare intently at the circling tides
Cold as Avernus and the mournful Queen
Who dreamed of harvest in her bridal bed,
Threshing oblivion with the scything yoke.
Backward and forward, as the pierlights dip
Damned apples bobbing, ruined faces slip
On wheels and bridges with the summoned dead
In fog condensing at the bell's sad stroke.

In fog, condensing at the bell's sad stroke,
The ghosts drift back into their black *purlieux.*
Fading upon the crowing of the cock,
My ruined father cries, *Adieu, Adieu.*
The nether angels, whirling at his back,
Blanket him quickly in perpetual night.
Forlorn of compass and of golden bough,
I search him vainly in the distance now.
Landward or seaward, look: a thinning rack
Breaking with apples. I am blind with light.

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2.

BRIDGES AND ISLANDS hover in the clipt
Wings of the winter solstice, float, the tides –
Withdrawing, pouring, pulsing in the crypt
Of sunset – bear the blame and suicides
Of the blackening City. From Pacific Heights
I see the stone of Alcatraz, the roll
And stare of owl-lights as they search the sea
Round and around in blind futility.
Below, the dipping of the harbour lights:
Red apples in an iridescent bowl.

The sunset Golden Gate, a mower's scythe
Fed with the ghosts of the self-murdered, swung
Sharply above the wind's abyss to withe
In one quick instant, what was long unstrung
And scattered richly to the winds of Time.
I saw my life a whirlpool, badly lit
By all that's lurid, where a dreamer fell
Through circled visions of a summoned Hell;
Who, as he dropped, stared upward at a dream
Of all which, waking, he could never fit.

Mist, moving on the troubled waters, blurs
Even this faulty mirror, and the fog
Covers in doubt the pierlights and the piers.
Far off, I hear the howling of the Dog
Sunk in a world I cannot penetrate,
Beyond the marshes that I cannot cross.
The Ferryman, with flaming wheels for eyes,
Still bears his knowledge skill cannot apprize.
Here, in a world where I was born too late,
Even the groaners seem to echo loss.

And there, by Alcatraz, the winter sea
Flows out in blackness to the blinded rim
Of what is always present: the debris
Fouling the triumph. Arching bridges brim
With constant traffic, and the owl-lights whirl
All night, all night in fog the groaners mourn:
The chorus of a demonic Midnight Mass.
Turning, the wheel of Fortune turns, they pass
Into the marsh of death, master and churl, –
Lord Christ alone returning from that bourn.

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THE THEME OF IN MODERN LITERATURE

"OUR TIME is a time of waiting," Paul Tillich has commented in *The Shaking of the Foundations*, "waiting is its special destiny."

This observation may be a breath of hope or an utterance of despair, depending on the nature of that for which (or for whom) one believes that our time is waiting. It is clear enough that our age does not exude confidence or claim that it possesses the truth. We are too chastened to assert that we will fight wars to make the world safe for democracy; we know that if we fight future wars the world will be safe for democracy only because there will be nobody left to corrupt the democratic processes. To whatever degree past ages may have had assurances, either about democracy or about the nature of the ultimate, those assurances are no longer available to most men today, and no new assurances have arisen to take their place, save for the faiths that are clearly pseudo-faiths—faith in a millennium to arrive on the other side of the class struggle, or faith in a millennium to arrive as soon as we can get government to stop meddling with a free enterprise economy.

So much is a commonplace in discussions of our era—a recognition that if truth was possessed by an earlier age it has somehow gotten lost, and that if truth is to be possessed by a future age that truth still eludes *us*, so that all we can do is wait. This is not, indeed, a unique situation in man's history; commenting on their common plight as they were forced out of the Garden of Eden, Adam is reported to have comforted Eve with the words, "My dear, we live in an age of transition." And so Adam and Eve, "man" and "woman," wait in every age, poised between a lost Paradise and a dark unknown. Sometimes they say in hope with Simeon, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation" (Luke 2:30), but more often they say in despair with Hezekiah, "This is a day of distress, of rebuke, and of disgrace; children have come to the birth, and there is no strength to bring them forth" (2 Kings 19:3).

But the theme of waiting need not be pursued simply in terms of Biblical analysis. It has attracted the attention of our modern writers as well, and current treatments of the theme of waiting reveal the extent to which every good writer is dealing with themes that are theological in content and concern, whether he would grace them with such an adjective or not.

The most common type of waiting is, of course, the attitude of *waiting casually*, adopting a stance designed to imply that nothing monumental is at stake. The fact that it is usually contrived suggests that it does not reveal a true inner feeling but is a way of hiding a true inner feeling. J. D. Salinger has given a classic description of this masked anticipation in the person of Lane Coutell, the terrifyingly predictable undergraduate in *Franny and Zooey*. As the 10:52 arrives at the New Haven station, bringing on it the girls who are coming for a Yale weekend,

> *the door to the waiting room banged open, and the boys who had been keeping them-*

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WAITING

by Robert McAfee Brown

selves warm began to come out to meet the train, most of them giving the impression of having at least three lighted cigarettes in each hand.

Lane himself lit a cigarette as the train pulled in. Then, like so many people who, perhaps, ought to be issued only a very probational pass to meet trains, he tried to empty his face of all expression that might quite simply, perhaps even beautifully, reveal how he felt about the arriving person.

Not many people, of course, can really pull this off, and it is worth remarking that even Lane Coutell's blasé composure and studied disinterest are vulnerable, in part at least, because Franny is not wearing a mask:

"Lane!" Franny greeted him pleasureably —and she was not one for emptying her face of expression. She threw her arms around him and kissed him. It was a station-platform kiss —spontaneous enough to begin with, but rather inhibited in the follow-through, and with something of a forehead-bumping aspect.

II

When things more consequential than an Ivy League weekend are involved, however, casual waiting is not a true possibility. Much more widespread, if still confused, is an attitude that might be described, clumsily but accurately, as *waiting-for-we-know-not-what-but-realizing-that-whatever-it-is-it's-pretty-damned-important.*

It may be that this is the kind of waiting most characteristic of our age. We cannot resurrect the past's answers and we cannot rest content with the confusions of the present, but we still haven't a clue as to what the future will bring, even though we know it must bring something and that whatever it brings will affect us deeply.

I suggest that this attitude of waiting-for-we-know-not-what (to abbreviate the term to more manageable length) is mirrored almost perfectly in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. Two tramps wait for "Godot" to appear. He never does. That two-sentence summary encompasses plot, action, sub-plot and theme. The very ambiguity in the play's title is revealing. Who is "Godot"? Nobody is sure, least of all the critics, and Beckett refuses to let easy or conclusive answers to the question emerge. The natural thought that Godot is God is temporarily reinforced by a reference, with Matthewan overtones, to his caring for sheep and goats, but the purveyor of that information later tells us that Godot "does nothing," which may tell us how modern man *feels* about God, but hardly suffices as a description. When Pozzo comes on stage, it is conjectured each time that perhaps he is "Godot." When we remember that the play was first written in French, *En Attendant Godot*, we are forced to recall that words associated in that language with "Godot" are such words as *godenot, godlichon, godelu-*

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reau and the like, words which have the connotation not of divinity but of awkwardness: runt, lout, country bumpkin, and the like.

The identification of Godot with God in so many analyses of the play is surely predicated on Beckett's extensive use of Christian imagery. There are constant references to Christ, to the cross, to salvation and damnation, but the interesting (and disquieting) thing is that these images now lack power. Beckett says more about the cross than most modern sermons do, and yet it is now a cross without power to save. The long speech by Lucky has embedded within it a statement of the Christian message of salvation: ". . . a personal God . . . who from the heights of divine *apatheia* . . . loves us dearly . . . and suffers . . ." But the ellipses contain sheer gibberish and indicate that this message can no longer be extricated from gibberish in such a way as to speak a significant word.

It is clear that Gogo and Didi do not know for whom they are waiting. Expectation and hope have almost entirely vanished: "Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's awful." *And yet they wait.* Indeed, at the end of each act they propose to give up waiting and move on: "Well, shall we go?" "Yes, let's go." But the concluding line of each act is the stage direction, "*They do not move*," and that repeated stage direction is the most hopeful note in the play. They may wait without assurance ("He didn't say for sure he'd come"), but at least they wait.

The thing that makes it all bearable is surely the fact that they wait together. If God (or Godot) seems infinitely remote, then the most one can do is draw near to another. Even waiting-for-we-know-not-what can be tolerable if it is not waiting in total isolation. This, of course, is the theme of much contemporary writing. Martin Buber has reminded us in *I and Thou* that "All real living is meeting," and even if for him this includes meeting the Eternal Thou as well as the "thou's" of our human experience, for other modern men the latter possibility remains even when the former possibility seems no longer possible. These modern men would claim that the more the Eternal Thou recedes, the more precious the temporal thou becomes, since it is all we have left, though this certainly begs the primal question of whether or not the temporal thou can be invested with true significance save as it reflects the Eternal Thou. At least, then, Gogo and Didi have each other. They may be waiting for they know not what, but they are waiting together.

Now all the above comments, I suggest, are descriptive not only of Gogo and Didi but of ourselves as well. Many moderns recoil from the notion that they are mirrored in Beckett's filthy tramps, but it is only the external trappings that make the identification seem unlikely. We may not be infected with lice as they are, and our landscape may include more than a barren tree, and we may not be hungry, but beyond such incidentals we are rather accurately portrayed. For we too are waiting, and we too do not know the formless and faceless "Godot" for whom we are waiting. We too must relieve the boredom of waiting: where Gogo and Didi have carrots and turnips, we indulge in *hors d'oeuvres* and canapés; where they look for lice, we exterminate termites from split-level ranch houses; where they talk and fight, we talk and fight, even if about different things. But it all has the same purpose, to relieve the boredom, so that we can be, as T. S. Eliot has said, "distracted from distraction by distraction." And surely we too find our only refuge and solace in the fact that we wait together. Having lost the vision of the City of God, we strive to shore up the foundations of an independent City of Man, and we do this a little more frantically each decade since we can no longer quite beg the primal question of whether or not the City of Man, apart from the City of God, is likely to survive.

III

WERE WE TRULY to face that primal question, the nature of our waiting might be drastically altered. Rather than waiting casually, or waiting for we know not what, we would be likely to find ourselves *waiting in dread.*

This brand of waiting has had its spokesmen in our day as in other days, and for us the chief spokesman, perhaps, has been Franz Kafka. Franz Kafka spent his whole life waiting. He

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was a Jew but not a religious Jew, "the servant of a God not believed in," as one of his friends, Franz Blei, described him. If he did not believe in the God of Judaism, he did believe on "the Indestructible," something bearing in upon him, impinging upon him, and before which he felt guilt. He was Job without God, living with a sense of what Nathan Scott has called "cosmic exile," a realm that all of his characters likewise inhabited. Kafka's sense of the utter incongruity between man and the Indestructible which confronts man, is reminiscent of the early Barth who described God as the "totally other," and who, following Kierkegaard (who also influenced Kafka), spoke of "the infinitely qualitative distinction between God and man." For Barth, of course, the "totally other" had come near in Jesus Christ, God had become man, so that for Barth the contemplation of deity became progressively a joy rather than a terror. But for Kafka, that gap, that yawning abyss which could not be bridged from man's side, was not bridged from the other side either. And so for Kafka man lives in an alien universe to which he is accountable. The result is a sense, an overpowering sense, of guilt. And this means that man waits in dread, for judgment must be pronounced on guilt. This is the situation we see reflected in Kafka's two most important novels, *The Trial* and *The Castle*.

Each describes the situation of a man who is waiting. In the first, Joseph K is summoned to trial by the court, but he waits throughout the entire book to find out precisely what the charges against him are. He never does. It is, needless to say, a nightmarish experience. The court with which Joseph K has to deal is a far cry from the well-ordered procedures that we have come to associate with the law. It is dirty, ill-kept, stupidly bureaucratic, unwilling to clarify the nature of the charges under discussion, and so on. No matter how hard Joseph K tries to find out the nature of his crime, he is always at the mercy of the court, waiting for a clarification that never comes. Since he cannot discover the charges, he cannot prepare a defense. Finally he is summoned by two assassins who put him to death, and he dies with the words, "Like a dog!" issuing from his throat.

In *The Castle*, K, a land-surveyor, comes to a town *en route* to the castle where he has been appointed to a responsible position. But he never gets there. When he tries to find the way he is led astray. When he waits for instructions to arrive, they do not arrive. When he finally gets a phone call through, the conversation is so garbled as to be no help at all. All he can do is wait —anticipating instructions, antipicating a message, anticipating a resolution of the strange situation in which his relationship to the castle gradually becomes more and more confused. But the instructions, the message, the resolution, are never forthcoming. All he can do is wait.

The book, significantly, was never finished, nor was its predecessor. This may tell us that Kafka did not want sheer waiting to be the last word, but it also tells us that he had no alternate word to offer in its place. He destroys false answers without offering clear alternatives. He shows, for example, the utter inadequacy of the well-ordered life, for it is the well-ordered life that is judged and found wanting. At the beginning of *The Trial*, Joseph K is a good example of an Organization Man. He is hard-working, ambitious, devoid of "outside interests" that might interfere with his advancement, and all the rest. And it is precisely all this that is called into question. Joseph K does not know by whom it is called into question, and he does not know what to do about it all, but it is clear that everything his life has represented is being called to judgment.

To be sure, he attempts to cope with the charges. He begins by denying their reality. He asserts his innocence. The most he will concede, to begin with, is that there has been a "misunderstanding," even when the priest in the cathedral responds with the disquieting comment, "All guilty people talk like that." Later, he tries to exploit "connections" on his behalf, Huld the advocate, and Titorelli the "insider" with special information. But with all this, there comes for Joseph K a curious and reluctant recognition that the court *has* some kind of claim over him. He has enough of an "uneasy conscience" to realize that there is *something* more ultimate than

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the well-ordered life. In an aphorism which Joseph Tauber describes as paraphrasing the whole of the novel, Kafka describes the two sides of the human situation:

> *A certain heaviness, a feeling of being secured against every vicissitude, the vague assurance of a bed prepared for him and belonging to him alone, keeps him from getting up; but he is kept from lying still by an urest which drives him from his bed, by his conscience, the endless beating of his heart, the fear of death and the longing to refute it; all this will not let him rest and he gets up again.*

There is, then, in all the waiting in dread, a dim recognition that the court has legitimate claims against the individual, however hard it may be to understand precisely what they are. There is an overhanging sense of judgment: "Only our concept of time," Kafka writes, "makes it possible for us to speak of the Day of Judgment by that name; in reality it is a summary court in perpetual session."

This is a long way from the well-ordered life. The one who thinks himself satisfied with the well-ordered life is living only on the surface, a surface so thin that it is liable to be punctured at any moment, as it was in Joseph K's case. And the verdict is: guilty. The more Joseph K tries to establish his innocence the more he becomes aware of his inexpungable guilt. He dies "like a dog," apparently almost happy at the "justice" of an ignominious death at the hands of two assassins.

Is there an alternative to this? There is certainly none in *The Trial*. But there is a hint in *The Castle*, or at least in the circumstances surrounding its writing. The two novels, indeed, pose the alternatives in their purest form: either guilt or grace. There are no other options.

In his penetrating essay on Kafka in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, Albert Camus remarks, "*The Trial* propounds a problem which *The Castle*, to a certain degree solves. The first describes according to a quasi-scientific method and without concluding. The second, to a certain degree explains. *The Trial* diagnoses, and *The Castle* imagines a treatment." Kierkegaard wrote in *Purity of Heart*, "Earthly hope must be killed; only then can one be saved by true hope." And Camus says that this can be translated, "One has to have written *The Trial to undertake The Castle*." It is clear that in the latter, as in the former, there is no hope on the human side. There is only increasing frustration, for K does not get to the castle. As was indicated earlier, Kafka never finished the novel, and never resolved the problem. But Kafka's close friend and editor, Max Brod, hints at a "solution" in his preface to the first edition of *The Castle:* "Kafka never wrote the concluding chapter. But he told me about it once when I asked him how the novel was to end. The ostensible Land Surveyor was to find partial satisfaction at least. He was not to relax in his struggle, but was to die worn out by it. Round his death bed the villagers were to assemble, and from the Castle itself the word was to come that though K's legal claim to live in the Castle was not valid, yet, taking certain auxiliary circumstances into account, he was to be permitted to live and work there."

Now to say this is certainly to shift the accent in the description of waiting. For Kafka the waiting is indeed a waiting in dread, through the whole of *The Trial* and through all of *The Castle* that was committed to paper. But in the latter we see that for him who faces "the Indestructible" and who measures to all its depth the charge of "guilty," there is at least a shadow of grace, a hint of hope. It will not be of man's doing, and it will not be recognizable until all the resources which comprise man's doing have been explored and rejected.

IV

CAN THE WAITING in dread, then, be transformed into a *waiting in hope?* For Kafka himself the transition was not possible save in fragmentary form. The terms in which it might have been possible are focussed in the Judaism he spurned and in the Christianity that has sprung from that same Judaism.

These comments are not made to twist an analysis into a homily, but as the basis for a further comment about the posture of waiting in Judaism, which in turn can provide the background for an analysis of the theme of waiting

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in another contemporary writer who happens to deal with these problems from an explicitly Christian perspective.

Kafka's Jewishness does not diminish, but rather increases, the poignancy of his description of lost modern man. From one point of view, Judaism is a kind of parable in human terms of man's situation in cosmic terms. That is to say, the Jew feels alienated from other men and lives in a state of exile from them, just as man in general feels alienated from the cosmos and lives in a state of exile from it. To this degree, Kafka is the Jew lost in the desert looking for a promised land in the existence of which he cannot believe, and the direction of which he cannot determine, and in this plight he epitomizes the plight of modern man.

But here is the point at which Kafka's formal "Jewishness" is transcended by the religion of his Jewish forebears. For it will not do to describe the Jews as still lost in the desert. The Jews were led to the Promised Land. To be sure, they were later exiled from it, but they learned to see a meaning even in their exile and to find the hand of God not absent, but present, precisely in the midst of their deepest distresses. And so Judaism came to represent a waiting in hope—hope for a Messiah still to come, hope for a resolution to the human problem that God Himself would bring, not as a *deus ex machina*, but as the fulfillment and culmination of the work of redemption in which he had already been engaged throughout Israel's history. The Jew, then, looks ahead, waiting in hope, but he looks ahead in the light of that which he has already seen and already knows of God's revelation. It is in the light of Exodus-Sinai, for example, wherein God was revealed as Israel's deliverer, that Israel looks forward to the more ultimate deliverance that God will effect through the coming of the Messiah. Different Jews anticipate the coming of the Messiah in different ways, to be sure, but all share in this waiting in hope, since the nature and content of the hope have been revealed: "Wait *for the Lord!*"

The fundamental difference, of course, between Judaism and Christianity is that Christianity claims that the event for which Judaism still waits has already taken place. "To the Christian," Martin Buber writes, sharpening the contrast, "the Jew is the stubborn fellow who is still waiting for the Messiah; to the Jew the Christian is the heedless fellow who in an unredeemed world declares that redemption has somehow or other taken place." But this stumbling block to Jews is likewise foolishness to Greeks, and Buber's indictment is surely the indictment that any non-Christian will wish to lay at the door of Christianity. For the redeemed world does not look very redeemed, nor do the lives of the redeemed show forth very clearly the radical sort of difference such a claim ought to make.

There is still a sense, however, in which the Christian and the Jew share a similar posture. For both look back, and both look ahead, and both wait in hope. Each sees a past disclosure of ultimate meaning; for the Jew it is Exodus-Sinai and for the Christian it is Good Friday-Easter. Each looks to a final disclosure of that meaning; for the Jew it is the coming of Messiah, for the Christian it is the *eschaton*, the consummation of all things.

But—to concentrate now on the Christian claim—the decisive fact is that the nature of ultimate reality has been manifested *under the conditions of temporality;* the power of God has been manifested *in the weakness of a man;* the life of divine love has shown itself *in a life of human love*. In short, the Word has become flesh and dwelt among us. This means that that for which man waits has been defined, and, more importantly, defined in discernibly human terms, the terms of a human life and death. It means that the Christian waits in hope, because that which Beckett and Kafka cannot or dare not describe, the Christian can and does dare to describe, since there has been an act of self-definition for which the only adequately descriptive word is Love.

V

With this background we can now turn to W. H. Auden's poem, *For the Time Being*, since this serves as an interesting contrast to *Waiting for Godot*, *The Trial* and *The Castle*. In it, Auden delineates the nature of waiting

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from a Christian perspective, and does so in a way that illumines the nature of waiting in hope. The poem is not a disguised Christian sermon, but a work of creative art by a creative artist who happens to be a Christian and is in this instance writing about a Christian subject matter; Auden is one of the few "Christian writers" in whose work a Christian affirmation does not become merely saccharine. The poem makes demands on the reader because the author does not disavow the use of Christian imagery, but the demands are worth the effort since the poem illumines not only the time of the Incarnation but the time of modern man as well. And since the situation of man in the twentieth century is basically the same as the situation of man in the first century, it follows that if a healing word was spoken then, it can still be a healing word today.

When one waits in hope, in the light of the Incarnation, at least three things can happen:

1. Waiting in hope makes possible a radical honesty *about the present*. No longer are rose-colored glasses necessary to keep us buoyed up, nor do analyses of despair represent the only possible way to look at life. Easy optimism and easy pessimism are both undercut. All of man's basic fears can be openly expressed. Auden's Chorus can be just as "realistic" as can the creations of a Beckett or a Kafka:

Alone, alone about a dreadful wood
Of conscious evil runs a lost mankind,
Dreading to find its Father lest it find
The Goodness it has dreaded is not good:
Alone, alone about our dreadful wood.

Since, as the Chorus goes on to explain, "The Pilgrim Way has led to the Abyss," there is no longer any hope in human terms alone, and Kafka's alternatives of judgment or grace seem once again the true alternatives:

We who must die demand a miracle.
How could the Eternal do a temporal act,
The Infinite become a finite fact?
Nothing can save us that is possible:
We who must die demand a miracle.

2. Waiting in hope makes possible a radical honesty about *the nature of the deliverance*. If it is true that there can be no schemes of self-salvation (and on this Beckett and Kafka and Auden would appear to agree), then if there *is* a salvation it can be clearly seen to be the work of God rather than man. The stakes are high—for this is either sheer foolishness, or the foolishness of God that is wiser than the wisdom of men. As Gabriel says to Mary,

Love wills your dream to happen, so
Love's will on earth may be, through you,
No longer a pretend, but true.

And right there the whole issue is focussed—pretence or truth. Along with Joseph, the reader resists such monumental stakes, and the terms on which they seem to be offered. Surely we can demand more evidence than is provided! Joseph's doubts become our doubts:

All I ask is one
Important and elegant proof
That what my Love had done
Was really at your will
And that your will is Love.

To which Gabriel replies in uncompromising terms, "No, you must believe."

The mood of the Shepherds, before the angel appears, is astonishingly similar to that of Gogo and Didi: "What is real / About us all is that each of us is waiting." Their conversations, like the conversations of Gogo and Didi are "mainly to keep us / From watching the clock all the time." They know that something will happen, but they do not know what. They are sure, however, that "one day or / The next we shall hear the Good News," which becomes the point at which their mood differs from that of Gogo and Didi. In the Shepherds' case, "Godot" comes, and the Shepherds are told that "A Son is given . . . proclaiming the ingression of Love." And as the Shepherds respond with the cry, "Let us run to Love," they learn that "The Father Abyss / Is affectionate / To all Its creatures."

Now to the non-Christian this probably sounds like the sheerest escapism, as though to wait in hope were simply to retreat from the reality of the here-and-now. But the point is that meaning has not been found by escape from the here-and-now; rather, meaning has invaded the here-and-now and confronted man in the midst of his daily routine—tending sheep, for example.

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The conclusion of the "Meditation of Simeon" indicates the nature of the new situation:

And because of His visitation, we may no longer desire God as if He were lacking: our redemption is no longer a question of pursuit but of surrender to Him who is always and everywhere present. Therefore at every moment we pray that, following Him, we may depart from our anxiety into His peace.

3. Waiting in hope makes possible a radical honesty about *the resultant nature of the human situation.* The one who waits in hope does not so much confront a different world, as the same world seen in a different light. There is no justification for fleeing from the world, for it is precisely *in the world* that meaning has become manifest. Indeed, the one who now relies on God must exhibit concern for the world which God has visited. The Chorus prays:

Inflict Thy promises with each
Occasion of distress,
That from our incoherence we
May learn to put our trust in Thee,
And brutal fact persuade us to
Adventure, Art, and Peace.

The resultant nature of the human situation is not that distress, trial and disappointment have now been magically erased. Indeed, as the Narrator points out in the powerful closing speech:

To those who have seen
The Child, however dimly, however incredulously,
The Time Being is, in a sense, the most trying of all.

But since the stable, where all of this occurred, was planted firmly in the midst of this world, the place "where for once in our lives / Everything became a You and nothing was an It," a task has been laid on all those who have visited the stable, a task expressed by the dialectic of waiting and working:

In the meantime
There are bills to be paid, machines to keep in repair,
Irregular verbs to learn, the Time Being to redeem
From insignificance.

This may not sound like much, but it is the promise of everything. For "the time being" is not to be written off, or grimly avoided, or even grimly accepted; it is to be "redeemed," to be "bought back" from insignificance, because it was in "the time being" that everything was transformed from an It to a You.

So the mood of the one who waits in hope is a mood of affirmation. Even "the time being" can be an occasion for joy; the created order can be gladly accepted because the Creator has appeared within it and sanctified all that he has made.

He is the Life.
Love Him in the World of the Flesh;
And at your marriage all its occasions shall dance for joy.

The distance from Kafka to Auden is the distance from the concluding lines of *The Trial* to the concluding lines of *For the Time Being*, the distance from "Like to dog!" to "dance for joy."

To no more than a minority in our day is the vision Auden proclaims a vision that can be believed. The one who would like it to be true fears that it is not. The one who actively disbelieves it feels that its acceptance is tantamount to an act of cowardice. But whether one casts his lot with Beckett or Kafka or Auden, whether one waits in ignorance or dread or hope, he shares with the others not only the essential fact that all of them are waiting, but – more than he may realize – he shares in the possession of something more. For, to let Paul Tillich have the last as well as the first word: "Although waiting is *not* having, it is also having. The fact that we wait for something shows that in some way we already possess it. Waiting anticipates that which is not yet real. If we wait in hope and patience, the power of that for which we wait is already grasped by that for which he waits. He who waits in patience has already received the power of that for which he waits. He who waits passionately is already an active power himself, the greatest power of transformation in personal and historical life."

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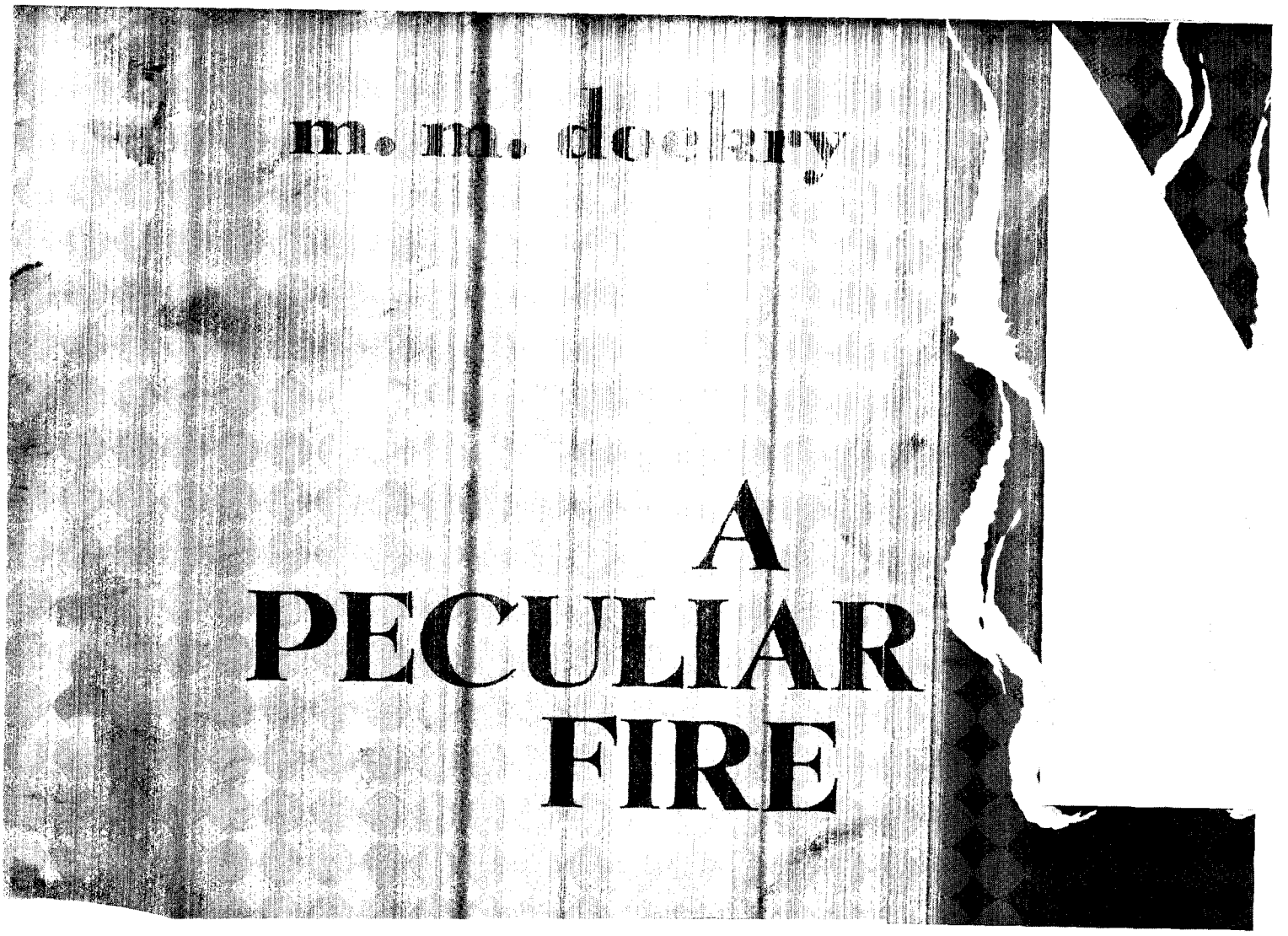

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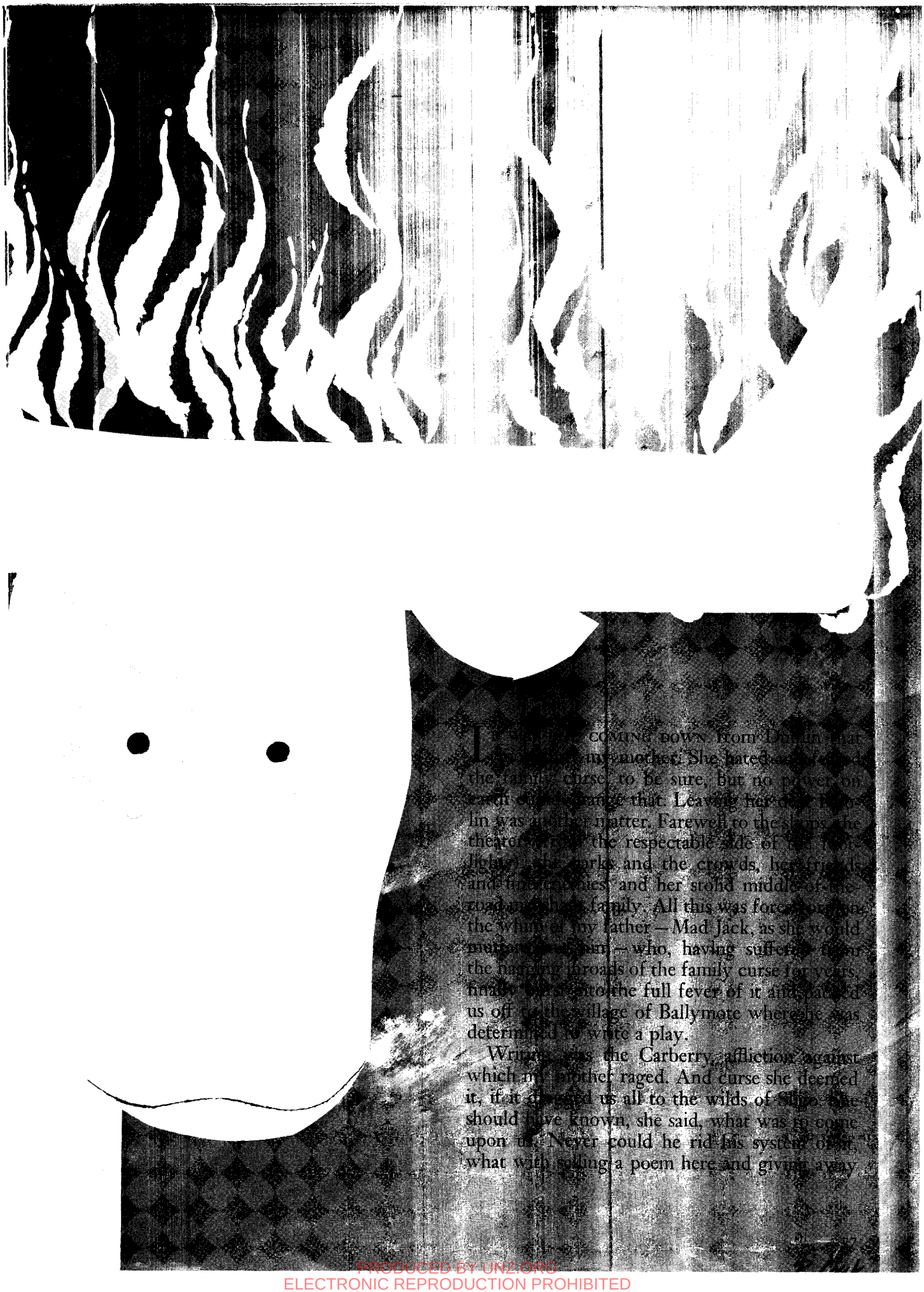

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a story there, despite his respectable bank clerk's position. It was actually education that she was railing against—Carberrys past memory having been teachers and school inspectors and impecunious scholars—but writing had festered in my father like a new strain of the plague. She didn't understand it and she feared it, and when it moved us all to Ballymote, she hated it roundly.

For all the high opinion that my mother had of the clerking position, I as the only son of the household, had always felt my father to be quite out of place in his employment. Huge and hefty he was, with a shock of black hair, and his charging manner would put you in mind of the very bull that later caused us so much trouble. In all the years that I had observed him setting off ridiculously in overcoat and with umbrella, he had been possessed by this thought, to sacrifice all for his play. And that he did. He left his job and took our savings, and before we knew it through, we were ensconced in a large white house on Teeling Street, while my father worked away in a room upstairs, busy about something that would make him rich and famous.

I found Ballymote interesting enough, from my eight-year-old viewpoint, but that closed door of the upper chamber was a constant thorn in my mother's flesh. She was a strange woman, and as I think now, a natural actress, though it would have been suicidal to say so at that time. She was slight, with a great cloud of reddish brown hair and a readhead's skin, and far from pretty. Her lower lip turned over too much, her eyes started a bit from her head, and her nose protruded boldly. But give her a cause, something to stir the emotions, and she was an imposing sight. She needed a fury to be in her proper element. Her eyes flashed bravely and her auburn hair seemed all afire about her head as she struck a defiant posture. One would have thought her the artist, and not he, in the many scenes about the house in Ballymote. Of course, in her goings and comings about the village there was none of this vehemence. She passed in and out quietly in her dull brown coat and hat, like a sedate mouse. But she had no use for the town, and she might just as well have worn a sign on her back. The town knew.

My sisters, Nora and Maggy, were ten and eleven and were of one mind with my mother. They moaned for the zoo in the same fashion as she mourned the loss of the shops, and watched their dolls grow peaked in the unhealthy country atmosphere. It seemed strange to see them carry on so in my mother's style, for they were dark and stocky after my father, and you might suppose that they would favor him in manner. But no, they were little women to the heels, and Ballymote was the judgment of a thoughtless father upon them. With me, it was somewhat different. It was I who resembled my mother—the slight frame, the pallid freckled complexion—and I can understand how, in the trouble that followed, my father must have considered me to be of the same view as she. During domestic battles, she would drag us to her side, arms around us, while she declaimed at him. Nora and Maggy, seeing themselves as martyrs to his madness, were nothing loath. While I had nothing personal against the town or our being there, I had acquired from my father a mature philosophy about the women. In his gayer moods, when come upon by friends in Dublin as he treated us to the theater or to tea and cakes, he'd nod at the females of the family and boom with a wink, "Keep them happy, and you keep them quiet!" Even at my tender age, I had learned that if the women were unhappy, there was no happiness for anyone else—they saw to that—and so in these family "discussions," I couldn't see that it made much difference to my father where I stood. Thus, I'd permit myself to be dragged under my mother's wing.

I was, in truth, rather fond of Ballymote. In my mind's eye, I see it now—the white stucco houses and slate roofs, the dwelling where we lived with rooms on different levels and little steps going up and down into them, the kitchen fireplaces with quiet cats dozing at the fenders, and the whole town set upon the pleasant rolling leas under the great arch of the sky, as though in the sight of the eye of Truth. So often I would sit alone on the back doorstep, thinking merely of the town and the hundreds of years it had been there and the thousands of people who had lived upon its land. From my place I looked out

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across a bare-earth yard with steps leading up a back to a garden lot beyond. Against this bank there was an ancient stone retaining wall formed of innumerable tiny round stones, row upon row, and I would think of the countless generations of townsmen as God's stones, stones that through life's adversities and eventual redemption were smashed, crushed, ground, washed, drained and polished to fresh glistening gravel upon the courts of Heaven. And more than the strange imagination that bore such a thought, I had, for an eight-year-old, the rare good sense to keep it to myself. Such was the inspiration I found in Ballymote's brooding peace, but I would not fight for it or against it. In our tiny Dublin garden, I could find a fairyland with a few strangely shaped pebbles and a leaf floating in a puddle that held as well the reflection of clouds. It was this contentment with whatever my surroundings that lulled my mother's fears of the family curse falling upon my innocent head. I had neither her attachment to place, nor my father's fury of purpose, so I was to her a good and untroubling boy, indeed. Occasionally, after she and my father had crossed loud and fierce swords over his blind fury and her proletarian nagging, she would come to where I sat over my schoolwork and flither through my papers with aimless air, then, giving me a pat on the shoulder, go on. I knew disinterestedly that her concern was not over the quality of my studies, but that she might discover a childish verse or story among my problems. But her fears were for naught. Paper was for me only the background on which the tortures of arithmetic were displayed.

OUR HOME OF STRANGE ENDURANCES belonged to one of my father's ancient aunts. She had a fine farm near Drumfinn, but owning several town properties, had continually offered my father the use of a house should he finally take the plunge into the literary life. His people were, of course, the opposite side of the coin from my mother's kin, and were of the opinion that starving in a garret on poetry had it head and shoulders over the life of commerce. This aunt had always appeared in the eyes of my mother as a demon, dangling temptation before a weak man, and so, even though we were indebted to our aunt for the slate roof over our heads, my mother had as little to do with her as possible and at that, barely passed herself whenever they chanced to be together. My great-aunt, finding this reception oppressive, took to sending her pony trap around to bring us children to her farm for a day's outing, but Nora and Maggy being soon bored with elderly reminiscences and rural charms, I became the only one for whom the cart was sent. My great-aunt and I made numerous rounds of all the relatives, near and distant. Taking my mild manner for indifference, she would urge me to match her own affections for these people, saying, "These are your own people, Mikie," as though the family to which I belonged was not my own, thus causing me to be constantly aware of the widely separated camps in which I had a foot. Yet, I did not take to stealing pennies or breaking windows. It was only that my heart was dragged this way and then that, loving both my madly inspired father and righteously offended mother, and wishing that we might all, even Nora and Maggy, be happy together wherever we were.

Then suddenly this wicked spell of tension was broken for us. Coming down the Captain's Brae from playing at Stone Park with one of the town boys, I saw Maggy, chunky and dark, coming toward me, bounding over the flagstone walk in what looked to be gaiety.

"Come up to the house this minute," she said, "We're going back to town."

"Now?" I gasped as she hustled me along. I was hard put to avoid stepping on the Devil's cracks.

"Well, any day now," she said, "It's a letter from Paddy Gallagher. Come along, do."

It was a much changed house that I entered. My mother was wandering dreamily about the kitchen, gathering a dish here and there, pausing in thought, reaching for a pitcher, but interrupting her reach to go for a long look at the letter before my father at the table.

"Would you think?" she said to the air, "We're going back home. I must be writing to Melly so she'll have things in order."

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Significantly, there was no word from her as to the cause of the great transformation. I went to my father's side and he spoke without turning. "Paddy Gallagher tells me he'll be down on Sunday with a Mr. Feeney from Dublin. They want to see about putting my play on the boards."

I was thunderstruck. My father's writing was to him something that had to be done, like breathing. From my mother's viewpoint, it was a malediction that had to be endured with poor grace. He had never taken steps to promote his art, nor had she ever commanded him to stop it. To see it considered a matter of consequence and profit was amazing to me. It was a stroke of unlooked-for luck and complex machinations. But then, that was the kind of friend Paddy Gallagher was. He was one of those who has not an artistic bone in his body but who reverences art and having no capital of his own, knows people who do. "A friend of the arts," that was Paddy, who had worked with my father in the bank and who considered himself lucky to know an artist. Paddy was one of the few who had given us an optimistic sendoff from Dublin (and in so doing, fell into low esteem with my mother) and now, good soul, he had been thinking of us all along and was determined to advance my father's gift. He was bringing Mr. Feeney to hear my father's masterpiece and with luck, it would be staged in Dublin.

The week in which we had to wait for the great arrival was one of high excitement and preparation. My mother scoured the house with an energy that surpassed her best Dublin efforts so that the setting should be nothing short of perfect for our deliverance by that saviour, Paddy Gallagher. Nora and Maggy chattered without cease of the million things they were going to do the very moment of their return to civilization, and my father appeared from the upper room only at mealtimes to bask in newborn family approval. In this glowing atmosphere of relaxation, I found myself grown fonder of Ballymote now that I was so certain of leaving it. I know that no school day since had the charm of those on which I awakened to the sound of strange voices and the bawling of cattle in the street. I would eat my porridge in nervous anticipation, starting as passing heifers banged against the front door, and later make my way to school through groups of coarsely dressed men whacking with long sticks at their wayward beasts. When not at school, I wandered here and there about the village as though to take portions of it with me in memory.

Strange enough it may seem that in all this agony of anticipation, no mention at all was made of my father's play. We did not inquire at all about its contents, nor did he claim our ears for its recitation. Bother you or no, it was one of those family things like secret drinking, that all knew but none discussed, except in the fury of argument when the subject would be brandished out of context, like a strange warped weapon. So it is not to be wondered at, that when the fateful Sunday arrived and Paddy and his "gentleman of means" came to our door, I had a queer moment of fear as though they were coming to see something that did not exist. But there it was, stacked neatly in sheets on the dark mahogany of the parlor table, its message racing along my father's galloping script. There were warm greetings exchanged between Paddy and my parents (my mother's affability must surely have made him ill at ease), and gracious welcomes for the stranger. Paddy, needle-nosed and bright-eyed behind heavy glasses, moved nervously to and fro about his victim as though he might lose the prey, but Mr. Feeney had nothing of suspicion or wariness about him. He was portly, high-colored, and disarmingly bald, and had the air of one who was confident of spending a pleasant afternoon to the mutual profit of all.

So the memorable reading began. Perhaps it was the ever-present thought of the happy future, or my recollection of the disastrous outcome—whatever the reason, none of the play remains with me now. Of course, a great deal of it must have been above me and merely "grand-sounding" to my ears. My father set the stage and declaimed all parts proudly while my mother and sisters sat, glowing, upon the sofa as though they were in a box at the Dublin theater. Mr. Feeney and Paddy were rapt, though Paddy not so much that he could not glance now and then at Mr. Feeney's face to see how the play was

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being received. I cannot say if Mr. Feeney was unexperienced at "backing" or whether my father's performance was grandiose enough to impress an old hand; at any rate, his reaction to the reading was courteous and sufficiently affable to please all. Perhaps about thirty minutes had passed when all at once we felt the shock of the hidden reef. Mr. Feeney raised his freckled hand and passed it over a clouded forehead.

"How's that, you say? What is it you do there, Mr. Carberry?"

I knew very well to what he was referring. It was an interesting business, the piece just recited, but Paddy and my mother were visibly disturbed. They knew just what the trouble was with that interesting business. My father fumbled, his fine flow of speech interrupted.

"That?" he recalled, "Oh, that's the symbolism that sets the whole piece, d'ya see? It's when the entire group stands about, in confusion and doubt that this white bull appears with its horns afire."

Paddy half-rose from his chair, a hand out as though halting combatants. "Now, Jack," he said carefully, "you never trafficked with this symbolism before—"

With one hand, my father wadded down his black hair, and it sprang up again like a cock's comb. "I've never had to before, Paddy," he said, "Hear the scene out now." He picked up his papers, but Paddy's conciliatory attitude had not quelled Mr. Feeney's amazement.

"Have you thought, Mr. Carberry," he asked, "how we're to bring a bull on stage with its head in flames?"

My father looked up, distressed. "A bit of staging," he murmured, "It can be managed, somehow."

The alarmed Paddy misunderstood this position. "Only staging, that's all it is," he assured Mr. Feeney, "They'll change things around to mean the same thing."

My father cast his papers down before him. "Oh, no," he said firmly, "This is my play, and this is what I mean to say. There'll be no changes here."

From behind his thick spectacles, Paddy peered out in anguish at his supposed friend. "But, Jack," he cried, "what can you say with a fiery bull?"

"Enough," replied my father, "if you've been listening."

"I must say, sir, said Mr. Feeney, "it's a most peculiar fire."

My father shot him a single, pinioning look. "Perhaps," he said, "we need have no more reading."

A LOW MOAN turned our eyes to the sofa. My mother was rising from her seat, bushy-haired and electric in her distress. In her mind's eye, no doubt, there appeared a vision of the city of Dublin being consumed by the flames from the impossible bull. As well as she knew my father's unfortunate dedication, she could not see her own personal salvation vanish without speaking her piece.

"It could be easy done, Jack," she began, "just see now—."

"That's right, Jack," said Paddy, "T'would be easy—."

"Out of the question," said my father.

"But see here," cried my mother, "can't your people look off the stage?" She clapped her hand to her brow and spun to stare at the door opening on the hall. "What is that we see before us? A white bull, and isn't its head on fire?"

Paddy sprang to her side, fired to artistry at the thought of the trout refusing the lure. "It is!" he cried, "it is, indeed! Look, will you, the very sign we're after looking for!"

They stood mesmerized by the vision said to be transpiring in the hall, hoping, no doubt, that their tableau would capture the imaginations of my father and Mr. Feeney. But such was not to be. Mr. Feeney looked distinctly uncomfortable, while my father, whatever his original inclinations had been, reacted as though he had been made the butt of a jest. He rose from his chair, and leaning over the table on his fists, made the mantel glassware ring to his shout.

"Have done with your aping!" he roared, "It's on the stage, or not at all!"

It was a sorry scene that followed. Even Nora and Maggy, as deeply concerned as they were with the outcome, seemed to draw shame from it. My mother turned with false bravado to the

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standing Mr. Feeney, her hand on his sleeve, cocking her head this way and that to tell him that certainly the staging of the fiery bull was an *impossible* thing, they all knew that, and Jack as much as any, it just being that he had lived with his work so *long*, it was so very *real* in his mind that he had never considered the staging of it, and when he calmed down from his surprise, *of course*, he would be the first to admit to the impossibility and agree gladly to any reasonable change. Mr. Feeney, already alarmed by this first-hand encounter with creative fury, could not help but sense through her words her utter desperation to gain his good-will and approval for the play, a desperation that far exceeded the purposes of the occasion. Meanwhile, Paddy danced about my father who refused to meet his eye, glancing instead with determined resolve at mantle or mirror as he turned to avoid the circling Paddy. *Is it mad you are, Jack? Think, will you, think, man if the thing's to be done, tell us then how to do it. You'll be using up a beast a night.* Gradually, the two couples rotated closely enough so that Mr. Feeney could pluck Paddy by the sleeve. *Perhaps another time, Mr. Gallagher, when things had been set straight, some time again when Mr. Carberry had had time for sufficient reflection.* His round face was pink with dismay. Eventually Paddy had to acknowledge his insistence, there was nothing further that could be done. Then, too, it might be that he could salvage something of Mr. Feeney for another day. They made for the front door with falsely airy assurances of regard and good intent, suitable for humoring a madman, while my mother darted from them to my father with hopes of inspiring further communication between him and his would-be benefactors. It was to no avail. My father stonily ignored every last minute of their lame departure, minutely arranging his manuscript as though their attentions had besmirched it. The door closed upon what was to be my father's first and last brush with fame.

Instantly, the furies of my parents met over our mortified heads like waves crashing from opposite sides of a point. My mother wrenched us children by wrist or shoulder about her in that sadly familiar pose, and had she been serpent-haired, she could not have spat more heartily at him.

"Monster!" she hissed, "Sacrificing your own flesh and blood for that – that queer thing!" Her outstretched arm stabbed like a rapier at the offending manuscript on the table.

His "backers" having left him with indignation to spare in the pose of the outraged artist, my father turned on her, and the intensity of their shouts must have hastened the departure of Paddy and Mr. Feeney on the street.

"Traitor!" rumbled my father, "You traitor!" He stood huge and dark before the fire, looking somewhat like the offending bull itself. My mother crushed us painfully to her so that we could feel her slight bones aquiver with rage, she seeming like a small bird shaking with spirit and communicating the extent of her fury to us.

"There it goes," she cried, "your father's last chance to do something for his children, the poor unfortunates, the madman's young! A bull – will you – with its head on fire! Oh, oh!" She rocked with venomous, hysterical laughter.

"Witch!" he roared at her, "For all that, I've above aping and posing at the very ones who'd destroy my work without a thought to the meaning of it. But you, with the fleshpots of Dublin before your eyes, you can see nothing else, not even your own Judas clowning!"

They minced at each other, drawing such accurate pictures with their satire that it was hard to refrain from giggling out of sheer tension, as one will on hearing an odd noise in the midst of solemn ceremony. With the insight of childhood, we knew that this was no usual argument wherein our parents argued merely to declaim their individual positions. Now they wished to wound, and deeply. She laughed at the creation into which he had put his soul, he sneered at her futile, fluttering efforts to salvage the reading and pave the road to Dublin. I think I have not since known such agony. At least, Nora and Maggy knew where they stood, while I was drawn on a very tight rack indeed. In the excitement of the moment, my father seemed to grow darker and more sullen while my mother, her copper hair fuzzing like fine wires about her head, looked about to burst into flame. Suddenly,

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she shook us off and made a taloned dart at the table. "We'll be off, then!" she cried, "You'll see no more of us!"

To my horror, she seized the manuscript and hurled it into the fireplace where it raised a fog of ashes and smoke. I expected almost to see it fling lightning and brimstone at her, it having been endowed with near-magical powers like the unicorn. Then my father, as though it were an everyday action for him, which of course it was not, backhanded her across the face so that she staggered and fell against the sideboard, seizing it for support. It seemed like a ritual, the twin violences of some fierce dance. Not in hatred did they stare, but almost in amazement that each and the other could have exchanged such destructive gestures. Like creatures driven, they halted and waited for their evil spirits to again move them, but the impetus was lost; the combatants were spent. My mother, clutching her face, ran ludicrously from the room followed by my sisters, while my father, shaking his shaggy head, lurched into the hall and made for the back door. I was left alone in the warmth of the silent parlor.

Standing mesmerized before the fantastic sight of that smouldering manuscript, I wondered desperately what I should do. Usually, I was in my mother's entourage with Nora and Maggy. Then, too, she had threatened to leave (something she had never done before), and surely I should be with her, for who would take care of me otherwise? But something drove me (I who had never been Daddy's boy), something turned my thoughts to my father. I remember clearly that I was swayed by no emotions, neither loyalty, fear, pity nor discernible love stirred my heart. I merely reflected that I must go to my father out of a stirring in my being, as beasts are moved by instinct. I turned my back on the terrible sight of the charring play and went through the house and out the back door.

Across the hard-packed earth of the yard I went and up the stone steps to the garden that lay above. This so-called garden was actually a large spare lot that sloped gently up from the yard and out to a narrow meandering lane that ran parallel to Teeling Street. I had never considered my father approachable in anger, so I had no idea what I would do should I find him in his mad flight, nor did I consider how long I might have to search. However, I found him almost at once, indeed I couldn't have avoided seeing him. He stood at the far end of the lot, staring out at the lane with his back to me. As I walked toward him, feeling as though I were walking backward in wishful avoidance, I was somehow disappointed that his impetuous flight had ended at no more grand boundary than the garden gate. The child of gentle upbringing, having first witnessed vicous insult and physical violence, I felt myself surprised to find solid earth under my foot at each step, but no more surprised than to see my father standing there, gazing blindly into the distance like a domestic beast tethered to the hateful scene. I came warily up behind him and for lack of words, thrust my small hand into his great one. Nowadays, in more optimistic moments, I recall that he seemed to press my fingers, but I really am not sure. How long we stood in this fashion I cannot say, remembering only that I felt distinctly foolish, not because of the figure that we cut, but for having had the temerity to present myself as some sort of support and consolation to him. I wanted passionately to ask him many questions. Who would take care of us with my mother gone? Would she be angry at my staying with him? Would I ever be allowed to see Nora and Maggy again? I hoped my father would have the answers, but it was not the time to chatter. The instinctive something held me to him, motionless and silent, until we turned and walked together with descending steps back toward the house. The twilight sun was at our backs, casting prophetic shadows—we two alone—before us, and for me all familiar objects were overcast with a mist of unreality because of our desertion. I almost wished the women gone (although in that time, they could not have been), not only because of the wrench of parting, but further that only Heaven knew what more hells might be raised before they did go finally. Weighted with our individual sadnesses, we stepped into the kitchen.

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I was, I suppose, terribly romantic and sentimental. In my innocence, I could not have imagined a morsel of the scene that would confront us, so alien did I expect it to be. Therefore, I was nothing short of aghast when I entered the kitchen at my father's side. The fire was up, and my mother, Nora and Maggy at her elbows, was making the final preparations for tea, as she did every day at that hour. Upon the white cloth were arranged the cakes and sandwiches and the steaming pot, the chairs were placed precisely, and Judy Cat, that had fled under the sofa during the altercation, was purring at the fender side. My protective equanimity deserted me, and I looked up into my father's face where no surprise was. He moved from me to his accustomed place, and I followed him, noting as I did, that the unmentionable manuscript had been fished from the parlour flames and sat, charred but collected, in a pan on the table. I felt unhappily old as I sat down. I was relieved, of course, that my mother and the girls had not fled, still I felt, after all the wounding and raging, that there was something shameful in behaving as though nothing had happened. Indeed, there was a hangdog air about us all, the angles of heads, the unnatural attitudes in passing plates, the refusal of eyes to meet. My mother served the table with those furtive, tucking gestures we make to soothe the pain of the uncurable. Yet, as I consumed marble cake and tea which I did not want, my eight years were able to discern that the simple daily routines were offered (albeit sheepishly) as restitution for the wrongs, and that no tears or breastbeating or promises could measure up to the solace of resuming the day's occupation as though nothing had happened. Regardless of the nature of the storm or the ship that foundered, oil was poured on the troubled waters, and the waves met over the wreck. So it was that after our catastrophe, we all crept out mousily from our respectively shelters to partake of the mean balm of tea and biscuit.

Then I learned for the first time, and have never ceased to marvel, how much one can endure in insults and upset and how life will continue to run on. We lingered a while in Ballymote, my father not writing at all, and then we returned to Dublin where he continued to sell a poem here and give away a story there. The fateful manuscript was put away never to be publicly resurrected nor to be found among his things. No matter how they jested in later times about the bull and the flames, something was lost that day. His Pegasus had come down, bristling arrows, and we, like retreving curs, had handed him over to despair. Did my gesture of allegiance mean anything to him? I never knew. He died before I was old enough to share his adult confidences or to broach the subject to him. When I can reflect with hope about the past, I convince myself that the mere fact that he did not dismiss me from his presence signified that my being there had meaning for him. There are, however, blacker moments when I fear that he took no more notice of me than he did of the air. Who can say? My greatest regret is that he was never to know how decidedly my life was changed by the happenings of that day. In the evening after supper, I took a candle and went up the steep narrow staircase to my room, but I did not settle at once to sleep, for I was beginning to realize that the something which eventually bound me to my father was a touch of that peculiar fire with which he was cursed. It was then, knowing that what extra was needed was a heart pierced, that I drew a copybook across the desk and took up my pen.

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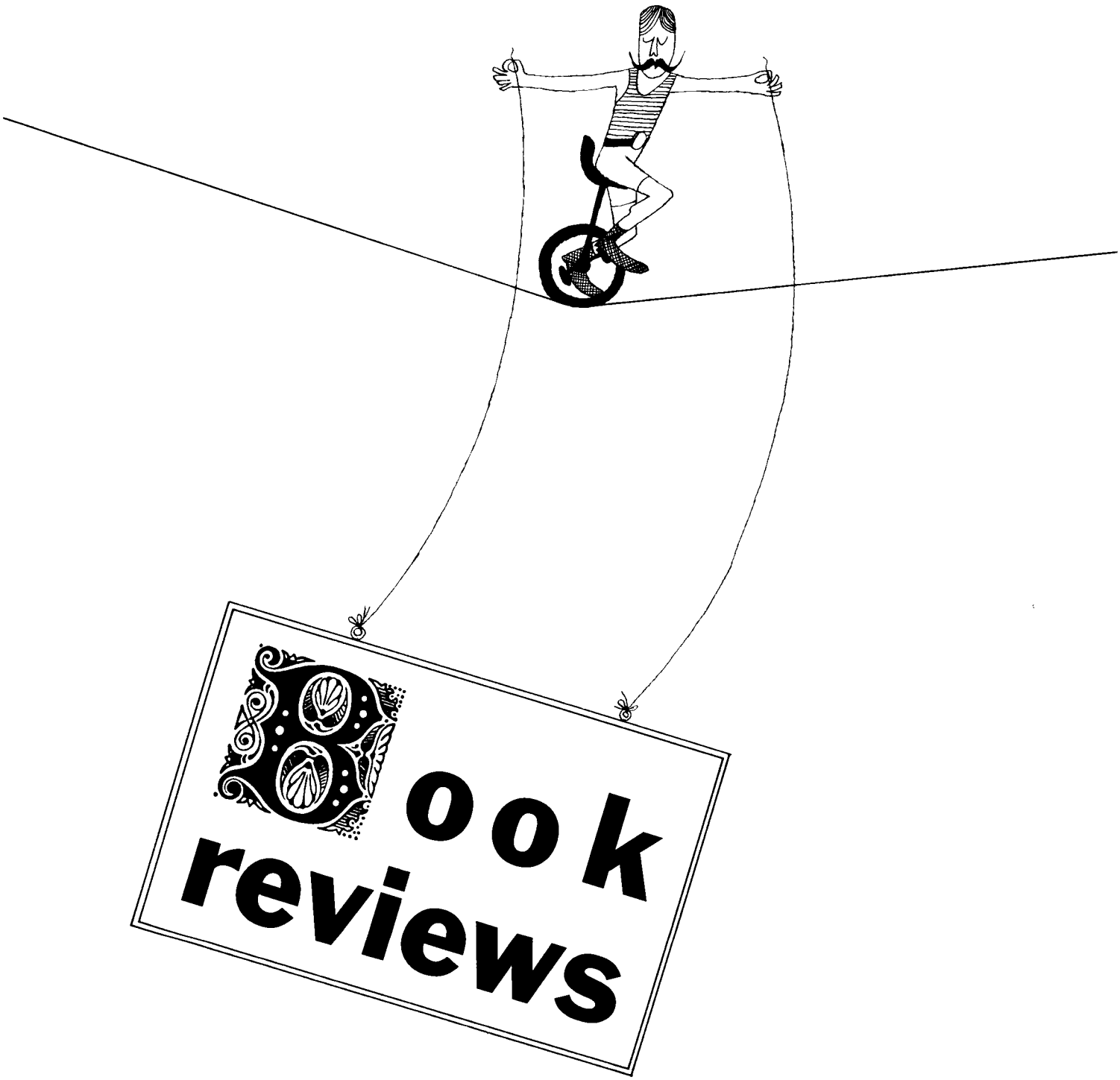

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Water Street. By James Merrill. New York: Atheneum. 53 pp. Paperbound edition, $1.65. Cloth, $3.95.

THE LAST STANZA in the last poem ("A Tenancy") in this very real and wonderful book of poetry tells us where we have been, or if you read books backwards, where we are going. From either perspective, it provides an interesting focus on Merrill and on his poems:

And then, not asking why they come,
Invite the visitors to sit.
If I am host at last
It is of little more than my own past.
May others be at home in it.

The poet is host in the only area he can really share: himself. Now certainly I am not implying that other poets have not written about themselves and their own pasts. That would be an absurd position, but I am implying and hope to illustrate that Merrill's invitation that "others be at home" in his life in the poem has something to do with the very important and often neglected element in poetry: perspective. There lingers about the word perspective the concept of measurement, place, space, location, time, and the circumstances of an individual life. This view of perspective as it relates to the poetic process is that inner vision of the poet's mind that *sees* and takes on experience and then renews its contact with reality through the action of the poem and with its readers through the imaginative gesture of the poem itself.

If you read much poetry, it soon becomes apparent that many poems commence with such statements as "I noticed," "I watched," "I observed," "I waited while," and so on; the poet as *observer of* rather than as *participant in* life provides the focus in such poems. You do not often find James Merrill in this role; he prefers to get inside the poem and look out of it rather than to look at it and write comments. Let me use as an example a poem about death, "Annie Hill's Grave." There are spectators at the graveside looking down into the hole, but there is also Annie Hill looking up. The perspective in the poem is from down there, not from up here:

Amen. The casket like a spaceship bears her
In streamlined, airtight comfort underground.
Necropolis is a nice place to visit;
One would not want to live there all year round.

So think the children of its dead, emerging
From shadow by the small deep gates of clay,
Exclaiming softly, joyful if bewildered,
To see each other rouged, heads bald or gray.

Some have not met, though constant to the City,
For decades. Now their slowly sunnier
Counterclockwise movement, linked and loving,
Slackens the whirlpool that has swallowed her.

Alone, she grips, against confusion, pictures
Of us the living, and of the tall youth
She wed but has not seen for thirty summers.
Used to the dark, he lies in the next booth,

Part of that whole, poor, overpopulated
Land of our dreams, that 'Instant' space
—To have again, just add stars, wind, and water —
Shrinkingly broached. And, as the brief snail-trace

Of her withdrawal dries upon our faces
The silence drums into her upturned face.

It seems to me that the power and success of this poem rests not in its intricate stylistic finagling with the traditional rhymed quatrain but in its juxtaposition of two perspectives on death: we looking down and Annie looking up. The final line, "The silence drums into her upturned face" seals the poem as realistically and finally as the undertaker had her casket. We experience death and its awesome aftermath.

Other poems focus on life, not death. We experience love, family, travel, the terror of the Bomb, sickness, New York, Greece. In "Scenes of Childhood" we take on the mother and the father and the child through the perspective of cinema:

My mother and two aunts
Loom on the screen. Their plucked
Brows pucker, their arms encircle
One another.
Their ashen lips move.
From the love seat's gloom
A quiet chuckle escapes
My white-haired mother
To see in that final light
A man's shadow mount
Her dress. And now she is
Advancing, sister-
less, but followed by
A fair child, or fury —
Myself at four, in tears.
I raise my fist,
Strike, she kneels down. The man's
Shadow afflicts us both.

The whole process of past, present, now, and future with its mockery of what was in the mother, now old, and in the dead father still afflicting them is focused in the poem as on a screen. Somehow the poet has superceded time, space, place to make the experience happen in the immediacy of now. It is all done very simply with the sure surprise of "Let there be Light."

In "After Greece" the poet is so beautifully inside of his subject that the poem ultimately radiates:

Light into the olive entered
And was oil. Rain made the huge pale stones
Shine from within. The moon turned his hair white
Who next stepped from between the columns,
Shielding his eyes. All through

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The countryside were old ideas
Found lying open to the elements.
Of the gods' houses only
A minor premise here and there
Would be balancing the heaven of fixed stars
Upon a Doric capital.

The poem continues its luminous way into a present as aware of the deep essentials: olive, oil, light, air, and the scream to understand:

This first glass I down
To the last time
I ate and drank in that old world. May I
Also survive its meaning, and my own.

I will end this brief glance at Merrill's capacity to look out of a subject instead of at it by examining a love poem called "Poem of Summer's End." Two lovers who have been such for ten years are in a town in Italy during a very hot spell. They twist and turn all night and go about daily life as though in a trance because of the heat and because of what that heat and sweat symbolize. Toward the end of the poem they are in a restaurant where a young waiter is helping them to "think of what we want."

I do not know – have I ever known? –
Unless concealed in the next town,
In the next image blind with use, a clue,
A worn path, points the long way round back to
The springs we started out from. Sun
Weaker each sunrise reddens that slow maze
So freely entered. Now come days
When lover and beloved know
That love is what they are and where they go.
Each learns to read at length the other's gaze.

The skill with which Merrill brings the circle full round in this poem and his use of heat/love, eat/love, is/love motifs suggest a perspective on the subject that is quite new: a focus on the qualities of fusion and wholeness rather than on the piecemeal of the incidental rendezvous. It is love as a state, as a way of life that brightens the poem onto this ledge of discovery. Here as in so many other poems in this extraordinary volume, Merrill has shifted the emphasis from the thing or state *observed* to the thing or state *experienced*.

— Nancy Sullivan

The Small Rain. By Raymond Roseliep. Westminster, Md.: The Newman Press. 81 pp. $3.95.

MANY WRITERS and more readers feel uneasy about the category of Catholic poet. A poet is a poet in virtue of his humanity, and poetry is the naked exercise of all his faculties. But at least in all but the greatest writers, their work seems to have grown out of special quirks and limits of experience: a good poet may have lived with some mental illness, or worked in a claymine, or been drunk and in debt, or have been a discarded court favorite. This is so generally true that one may reasonably suspect the most ordinary mask to conceal the most bizarre experiences. There could only be a true Catholic poetry if Catholic religion were the same sort of limit, the same specialization of experience. In practice the daily routines and moral habits of twentieth century American Catholics could perhaps impose on a poet or on some poets this special point of view: if that is now happening, then the poetry will be as specially American and specially modern as it is specially Catholic. Out of these brambles of special experience burns this fire, man, with this loud crackling voice, poetry.

The poetry of Raymond Roseliep has a dry, tonic clarity which is genuinely American and of now. Some contemporary American poets – a great part in fact of the swarms of names that come and go in the magazines – fail by not being clever enough. They are unable to write with the irony and penetration which modern prose has made us demand; just as the taste for spirits has created the demand for drier wines, writers like Hemingway, Carson McCullers, Sillitoe, Greene, and the early Salinger have made it impossible to relish these loose and starry-eyed verses. A good poem has to be at least as proficient as a *New Yorker* poem. Where Father Roseliep gains over many contemporaries is in the amount of himself which sheer, uninhibited intelligence has brought into play. His attack is freestyle, and the poetry is in the style, in the degree and quality of personality.

It is hard to make a proper estimate of any poet from his second book (particularly if one had not discovered him with his first), but there is the sense in many poems in *The Small Rain* of the sort of forbidding and severe spring which may come before a marvelous summer. Father Roseliep is in control of his material without playing round with it, and fully conscious of himself without the boring suppressions, those endemic dishonesties of the good, which one might fear for him as a priest. He has the power and sting of a writer like Spingarn, and at the same time a little of the charm of Louis Simpson. (He is good enough and modern enough to recall to one's mind only American poets later than Lowell.) If he has a recurrent fault, it may be the occasional clotted, sweet images like squashed fruit which derive remotely from Father Hopkins and from the randy eye of Ruskin.

Raymond Roseliep's second book is the most refreshing and invigorating discovery to have come my way in months; it may prove to have been important. There are few enough genuine poets even in America for it to be worth watching them closely. This is the book of a poet worth watching.

— Peter Levi S.J.

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The Inheritors. By William Golding. New York: Harvest Books. $1.65. (Paper)

LIKE THE BEATLES and *Beyond the Fringe*, the novels of William Golding have become one of those rare exportable products of British culture which are enthusiastically adopted in the United States. The publication of *The Inheritors* as a Harvest paperback means that all of the novels are easily available, and one of his books, *Lord of the Flies*, has now apparently replaced *The Catcher in the Rye* as the object of a cult among younger readers.

The reasons for such an adoption are perhaps the province of the sociologist rather than the critic, but Golding himself has suggested an interesting explanation in a recent interview. He argues that *Lord of the Flies* is popular among younger readers because it faces up to the problem of evil in the universe. It does not pretend that there is a built-in human inclination toward goodness. Instead, Golding's novel re-affirms the doctrine of original sin, and presents a human nature that is imperfect and corrupted from the start, so much so that a band of innocents turn an island-paradise into a nightmare of terror and murder. The doctrine is a traditional one, but apparently it comes as a fresh and plausible theory to those who have been brought up on a vague theory of infinite perfectibility which history seems to deny.

Lord of the Flies (1954) is a portrait of the basic savagery that can emerge in civilized man. In *The Inheritors*, first published a year later, Golding turns to a study of primitive and presumably savage man before the process of civilization has begun. The two books are thus closely related in theme and should be read together, for it is only in the second novel that a more precise idea of Golding's definition of original sin emerges. Among his Neanderthal heroes he finds a kind of primeval innocence which civilized man can never hope to attain, an innocence based on immediate sympathy with all creatures, a fear of violence, and the absence of any particular awareness of self. Taken together, the two novels are a gloss on a proverb which Goya chose as the title of one of his *Caprichos:* "The dreams of reason breed monsters." Violent, selfish, and self-assertive, civilized man destroys the Neanderthal Eden in *The Inheritors*, and in *Lord of the Flies* he reverts to a savagery far worse than that of men who have never been civilized at all. Progress seems to lead to the loss of innocence, but a return to a primitive life does not restore that innocence. Instead, the sudden removal of control from civilized man's life inevitably reveals the absence of innocence.

From a study of already corrupted childhood, Golding thus moves to a study of the childhood of the species, and in *The Inheritors* he faces one of those simple and extreme situations which occur in all of his works. The schoolboys marooned on their island, the hero of his third novel, *Pincher Martin* (1956), who dies on a jagged rock in mid-Atlantic, and the tiny group of Neanderthal men who call themselves "the people" and believe that they are alone in the world – all are isolated, and all are suddenly forced to confront the basic realities of life and death.

In all three novels the situation is the same, the breakup of an organization (in Martin's case his personality, which protects him against the world). The hierarchically-organized schoolboys of *Lord of the Flies* soon lose their discipline, Pincher Martin disintegrates emotionally and physically, and in *The Inheritors* the tribe is dissolved. At the beginning of the book the tribe is a unit, so tightly organized that they share mental pictures without speech, but under the repeated attacks of the "new people" they are physically and emotionally separated. The new arrivals – Cro-Magnon man, with all his affinities to the modern European, inventive, artistic, verbal, aggressive, and self-centered – destroy the Neanderthals one by one. First they cause the death of old Mal, the father and leader of the eight-member tribe and its mind. Then they kill Ha, also a thinker, and attack the tribal cave to kill the old mother who presides over the fire, to put out the fire, to kill another of the women, and to kidnap the two children. The future and the past are thus destroyed together. Only a man and a woman are left, Lok and Fa. They frighten the invaders, causing the death of one man and terrifying a girl into madness, but they are too guileless and too unaggressive to prevail. At the end of the book the kidnaped girl is dead, the new people have fled with the surviving infant, Fa is dead, and Lok is left alone, the last useless fragment of what was once a group personality.

But these external events, important as they are, operate simply as the cause of another drama, that which goes on in Lok's primitive mind, and the convincing representation of such a mind is Golding's most impressive technical achievement. In eleven of the twelve chapters, events are filtered through Lok's consciousness, and Golding manages the difficult feat of conveying to us the processes of a gradually awakening primitive mind, and of presenting them in appropriately simple language which is, at the same time, precise enough for his subtle purposes.

Lok will not kill. His meat must be found after other animals have killed it, and when he discovers a dead doe he is uneasily aware of "violence . . . meat and wickedness . . . a kind of darkness." "This is very bad," he tells himself. "Oa brought the doe out of her belly . . . This is bad. But a cat killed you so there is no blame." He is so guileless and pacific that he believes the Cro-Magnon arrows to be presents for him, and he yearns for the new people and their ways with a mixture of timidity and fear. He cannot imagine their hostility and aggression, much less their fear of him, as he watches them affectionately and tries to share their feelings. The

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betrayal of this innocence and this affection is a spiritual catastrophe, for when Lok finally comes to the shattering realization that these creatures will kill him if they can, an awareness of deliberate evil and violence enters his world for the first time.

This awareness comes accompanied by other kinds of knowledge, for the boat, the wheel, intoxicants, and painting are all shown to us through Lok's uncomprehending and objective mind as he struggles to understand. But more important than these are the discoveries he makes within himself as ideas and concepts burst into his mind and force it to awaken. His dreadful new knowledge makes him "proud and heavy. The new head knew that certain things were gone and done with like a wave of the sea. It knew that the misery must be embraced painfully as a man might hug thorns to him and it sought to comprehend the new people from whom all changes came." Misery enters his world, and loneliness, and an awareness of being separate and different. His speech develops rapidly as he tries to express the strange new things he sees; the simple communicated pictures, possible only in a predictable world, become useless as the world changes and the people are destroyed one by one.

The Inheritors is thus a kind of Darwinian tragedy. Lok's awakening mind struggles to comprehend the new world in which he finds himself, only to fail in a struggle that is beyond his powers, just as Piggy, the voice of reason in *Lord of the Flies*, perishes amidst the awakening savagery of his schoolmates. The ruthlessly fit survive in both books.

Lord of the Flies ends with the arrival of a British cruiser and a return to the civilized world which is, ironically, at war. At the end of *The Inheritors* there is a similar ironic shift as we are brought face to face with the new people and learn the ironically civilized motives for their savage behavior. Golding emphasizes this shift by changing the novel's structure and style in the final chapters, for in Chapter Eleven he ceases to portray events through Lok's consciousness. At the last he is a mournful and isolated figure, separated from the reader and spoken of no longer as Lok. He is simply the "red creature," and his actions are described from a distance. In the twelfth and last chapter we are among the new people for the first time. They are given names, and their personalities and rivalries emerge more sharply without the interposition of Lok's blurred mind. The language changes too, from the direct, short, immediate sentences of the Neanderthal mind, able to perceive only concrete objects, unable to deal in abstractions: "Lok opened his eyes and yelped with pain for he seemed to be looking straight into the sun. Water ran out of his eyes and blazed fiercely between the lids . . . He felt for the ground with his hands and feet and lifted himself a little way from it." But as the new people sail away, their steersman, Tuami, is used to show us their precise modern sensibility. Golding introduces longer sentences and a careful and even technical vocabulary: "he had been able to find no transits for judging their motion but had sat, guessing, with the mountains looming over the flat water and his eyes red with the tears of strain . . . The two dark lines spreading on either bow were not laid back at a sharp angle but led out almost at right angles to the line of the boat." At the end we feel ourselves to be in a familiar world, among familiar minds at last. We recognize our kinship with the destroyers, and their fear and hatred of the Neanderthals is an echo of a progressive modern viewpoint as it is summed up in a passage from H. G. Wells' *Outline of History* which Golding prefixes to his novel. We are embarked with them as they progress towards civilization and crime.

In his three major novels, Golding has written three parables which reduce human life to its simplest essentials in order to demonstrate the human condition. His fourth novel, *Free Fall* (1959), is more conventional, and its failure suggests that he is unable to handle characters and situations unless they are elemental and extreme. His powers are best shown in the creation of deliberately simplified working-models of a world, with deliberately simplified characters as its moving parts. These characters are painted in primary colors, and our objections to their simplicity are silenced because he has made them children, primitives, or a solitary man on a solitary rock. There is no room for Jamesian elaboration, or Graham Greene's introspection. But Golding uses his deceptively simple method to chart complex areas of experience. Elemental novels elementally and powerfully written, Golding's work, with its bleak view of human nature and human potentialities, schematizes the world's complex possibilities of evil and reduces them to intelligibility.

— Robert Tracy

The School for Dictators. By Ignazio Silone. New York: Atheneum. 244 pp. $5.00.

SOCIAL CRITICISM has its difficulties in finding its audience. Those who read satire are rarely those to whom the satiric artist addresses himself, those whom he would improve. When Ignazio Silone published his first edition of *The School for Dictators* in 1939 he had been living in exile from Italy for over eight years, and the work circulated freely only in those countries which were not under fascist domination. Silone has now prepared a new version of this book, as he has done for *Fontamara* and for *Bread and Wine*. That a novelist has seen fit to rewrite some of his works in view of the new character of his political thinking is understandable only if one does not underestimate how much for Silone the political shapes the aesthetic. Yet what made the first state of *School*, that ironic manual for

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the aspiring totalitarian leader, a document of importance was its detailed and contemporary picture of the habitat and habits of European totalitarianism. In the second state, Silone has pruned away many of these details which not only were part of the fabric of the earlier work but also gave it much of its energy. Silone says in a preface that the purely documentary parts are gone because the movements they depicted now belong to history and are no longer matters of dispute. One easily sees why the Italian edition (by Mondadori) omits this preface.

Much remains in these dialogues to engage the attention, if not to compel to action those aspiring to dictatorship in some form. These 1939 conversations are between Thomas the Cynic, an exile (not clearly Italian, as the translation erroneously states); Mr. Double You, an American planning to take over the United States, who has come to Europe to study the situation; and Professor Pickup, Double You's ideological advisor and chief proponent of Pantautology ("The state is the state and cannot *not* be the state"). Historical perspective is not maintained. The new *School* benefits from a new understanding of Stalinism, but has rather less to say than it might about that strain of dictatorship. Also, the real possibility of destroying all governments together with the governed is alluded to in the short preface, but this eventuality does not inform the revised text. The most important post-war manifestation laid under at least token contribution is the rather murky idea of the mass society, and the problems and advantages which it presents to the man bent on seizing government and imposing dictatorial rule.

A highly ironic element in this *speculum* is its assertion that knowledge does not lead to power. The fact that Mr. Double You continues beyond the first conversation with Thomas, and that Professor Pickup does not urge breaking off relations with their European mentor, shows indeed that dictators even in embryo are not like other men, and will endure insult and batten on inconsistency. It may not be necessary to see irony also in Silone's feeling that dictatorship is a possible eventuality for the United States, even though he links the early stages of fascist coups to socialism's failure to satisfy the hopes which the masses have lodged in it.

If this book but rarely finds its intended audience it nevertheless will prove valuable as direct access to the political reflections of one of Italy's most socially aware novelists. It is of little importance whether or not Silone's theories are viable in terms of political science (a discipline which he seems to reject with the disdain of a Tacitus). What is of interest is his ability to account for the phenomena of the totalitarian state in his own terms in a relatively consistent way. Yet sometimes his thinking is either so sarcastic as to be unclear, or, simply, less than cogent. For example, he points out that if fascism is often a counter-revolution against a revolution that never took place, a saving from Communist menace, it need not always arise from such conditions, nor need the fascists offer a coherent or even intelligible program. For the dictator can be an individualized product of an irresistible collective need, a manifestation of a subliminal aspect of his people. The democratically elected leader, Silone says, is by comparison a stranger. Yet the existence of mass media, in terms of which Silone tried to rewrite his pseudo-manual, makes this an unlikely thesis.

Silone does not clearly define fascism by describing its expressions or its institutions. Nor need he, for he writes in a context conditioned by recent history. Yet an effective series of contrasts might have established more about the mechanics of fascism and democracy had he done so. The most one can say is that Silone rejects the intellectualist viewpoint that ideas define movements and systems, and offers instead dynamic metaphor, such as Al Jolson's superiority over Caruso in the masses' eyes. Nevertheless, synthesis of the random points elicited from Thomas the Cynic by his interviewers results in a fairly detailed exposition of the process of fascist power seizure, if not of the democratic state except at times of great stress and danger.

Democracy, it seems, in order to help the masses, overloads the old institutions with social functions, and inevitably international socialism becomes nationalized. Capitalism takes advantage of this situation, and the bourgeois elevate a Hitler or a Mussolini even before fascism becomes a specific political force. When a democratic state becomes paralyzed (and for Silone the greatest danger for democracy is its tendency to stand still) and it appears that only the opposition party can create a new order, fascists see to it that the opposition only augments the difficulties of the state. In the impasse, totalitarianism seizes the initiative and the state. After being a power of disorder it becomes a power of order. Fascism's success lies in its place in society between the governing class and the opposition. It can both detach the worker movements from socialism and be used by capitalists to oppress the workers. In short it has no line because it is a process toward power, not the content of power exercised.

What do Mr. Double You and Professor Pickup learn from these loose-joined discourses whose pretended cynicism lies not in their having a perspective (or lacking an ethic) but in their over-generalizing (or overworking the aesthetic)? Thomas suggests that they steal the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and so conceal a march on Washington, or blow up the Statue of Liberty, so that Double You can pose as *restaurator libertatis*. But Washington of the 1960's is not Rome of 1922; *il Re* does not inhabit the White House. The possibility of dictatorship in America is of course real enough. One can fight the revolution by means of the revolution, even within the context of the letter of the Constitution, that document which assumes all men are gentlemen. The invidious nature of fascism is that it is not

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insurrection. It uses the state's authority to seize power and to set in motion a process whereby either the party absorbs the state, or the state the party. The aspiring dictator in America has little of practical moment to learn from this book, where the advantages of fomenting and aiding strikes (so that the sympathies of the larger masses can be detached from the workers) are set forth not so much with sarcasm as with hardly concealed admiration for a time when such actions had a point.

The value of re-issuing this work is that as a retroactive Macchiavellian *Prince*, it sets clearly forth what many of the dangers were which an artist saw states running in the past. Further, Silone establishes that there is a commonness between dictatorships, whether fascism, national socialism or stalinism. In Italy and Germany (as in the case of China now) much was said of the alleged incompatibility of the national psyche and totalitarianism. An American audience can read the book as it now stands much in the spirit of Thomas the Cynic as he wrote his work on how to deceive one's neighbor: in hopes that it will prove useful to the already deceived.

— Charles Witke

The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Andrew Turnbull. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 615 pp. $10.00.

I SHALL BE getting on to higher things in a minute but must pause here to point out that we shall probably be having the musical soon, *Scott!* I mean. There doesn't seem anyplace else to go with the Fitzgeralds, and Zelda's name does make a trochee, a fact not likely to have escaped the people in the MCA Building. Budd Schulberg ("Budd, the untalented," Fitzgerald once wrote in his notebook) did the novel and the Broadway play some years ago. And Sheilah Graham has done a book of memoirs – her publishers promise another volume by summer – which was in the best seller lists for many weeks and then trickled onto the wide, wide screen. (*Beloved Infidel* was a costume picture: Gregory Peck wore his saddle shoes, and Deborah Kerr was thirty-five. "Don't fail to miss it," as a professor I know of used to say of his annual Shelley lecture.) All this activity has been pretty tawdry of course, and it is therefore a pleasure to turn from it and welcome the thorough and intelligent job that Andrew Turnbull has now done in editing the Fitzgerald letters. As Turnbull is also the author of a biography of Fitzgerald that belongs among the best biographies ever done on an American writer, it is doubly a pleasure to say, and as spaciously as possible, that he has put all literate Americans in his debt.

Turnbull amply acknowledges that he has not attempted a complete edition of the letters, rather a selection amounting to about half the letters extant and available, the selection based on literary quality and made with the purpose of illuminating Fitzgerald's work and his complex character. Some of Fitzgerald's letters have disappeared, those to Ring Lardner and Monsignor Sigourney Fay, for example. This is regrettable in both cases, for in some ways Fitzgerald was closer to Lardner than to any other fellow writer. He used to call Lardner "*my* drunk" and to do everything he could to keep him sober and working and to arrange that Lardner's writing should be properly appreciated. This kind of generosity was habitual with Fitzgerald though and comes through very plain in the letters to Hemingway, John Peale Bishop, and others. (There ought to be an edition of Ring Lardner's own letters. Some of those I have seen are extremely funny, his comment on Theodore Dreiser's prose, for example, as recorded in Donald Elder's book: "He once wrote that he had sent in a manuscript from shipboard and '... the water ran the words together so that when Ray Long accepted the story he sent the check to Theodore Dreiser.'") Sigourney Fay, headmaster at Newman Prep in Fitzgerald's time there, became a friend and something of an idol to the boy, and eventually had *This Side of Paradise* dedicated to him. The letters to Fay might well have thrown light on the Fitzgerald who for a time thought of entering the priesthood.

Of the letters Turnbull prints, some have appeared in other places, notably in Edmund Wilson's edition of *The Crack-Up*. But most are new, and Turnbull has brought together more letters than anybody else has done and from a wider range of time and a wider group of correspondents. Turnbull arranges the letters in twelve blocks. The most important of these are the ones containing the letters to Frances Scott Fitzgerald, to Maxwell Perkins, to Hemingway, to Edmund Wilson. The earliest of the letters Fitzgerald wrote to his mother, whom he never much liked, from a camp in Ontario when he was ten. He asked for a dollar and emphasized that his mother was not to come visiting. The last letters are written from Hollywood in December of 1940, the month he died of a heart attack. Dead at forty-four, his life was a parable of a hard text of his own: "The drinkers die in their forties." But he died a tragically wise man, and the author of *The Great Gatsby* surely goes "immortal dandy, toward an immortal star." No American of his generation wrote a better novel. No other American has ever written so readable a classic. His letters are an addition to our literature in a literary kind, the letter, where Americans have not shone.

About the work of some writers, it is possible to tell the entire truth in a single sentence. The late Aldous Huxley comes to mind, of whom somebody has said, "Aldous was very widely read, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*." F. Scott Fitzgerald's work is a good deal

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harder to get at, but I believe there is a basically simple and just explanation of it. If some groping toward that explanation is here necessary, this is because simple truths are notoriously hard to get stated and because almost all criticism of Fitzgerald's work has been haunted by a pseudo-question or a cluster of pseudo-questions. There have been fine things written on Fitzgerald of course, ranging from T. S. Eliot's remark in a letter of 1925 that *Gatsby* was "the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James" to Marius Bewley's essay in *The Eccentric Design* which speaks of *Gatsby* as offering "some of the severest and closest criticism of the American dream that our literature affords." But the pseudo-question which I mentioned a sentence ago in part arises simply because *Gatsby* is so fine a book. And even the intelligent are sometimes found asking, "Why did Fitzgerald not write more books like *Gatsby*?" The form of the question sometimes varies slightly, but the tone – equal parts awe and exasperation – almost never. The real question of course – and the sheer number of Fitzgerald's bad books (everything really except *Gatsby*, and the first part of *Tender is the Night*, and now these letters) demands that it be put this way – is "How did F. Scott Fitzgerald ever manage to write *The Great Gatsby*?" This is a hard saying, but, minimally, it has the virtue of being equally offensive to sentimental Fitzgerald cultists on the one hand and to the sensationalists on the other, the people who have been farming the Fitzgerald profits. Once the question is properly put – How did F. Scott Fitzgerald ever manage to write *The Great Gatsby?* – the answer follows along fairly easily: He managed to write it by achieving for the only time in his life in a sustained way essential rectitude. *Essential rectitude* is a term of Evelyn Waugh's and a story in itself. The story is not without interest, and it explains many things about Fitzgerald and about the general messiness of literary thinking in our time.

Waugh was interviewed recently by the *Paris Review* and got off a quite hilarious performance. It was much the shortest and much the funniest of a series of interviews not habitually distinguished for those qualities. Waugh recalled that after he had been fired for drunkenness as a young prep school master he had gone, needing money, to a publisher who gave him fifty pounds to write a life of Rossetti. Waugh said that the book was "hurried and bad" and that he has never allowed it to be reprinted. The book has, however, some fine things in it, one of them relevant to my inquiry here: "In Rossetti's own day, no doubt, not a little of the adulation he aroused came from the romance of decay – a sort of spiritual coprophily characteristic of the age. Even now we are inclined to think of him with melancholy tolerance and to say 'If he had not been improvident and lethargic, how great an artist he might have been . . .' But it seems to me that there we have the root cause of Rossetti's failure. It is not so much that as a man he was a bad man – mere lawless wickedness has frequently been a concomitant of the highest genius – but there was fatally lacking in him that *essential rectitude* that underlies the serenity of all great art." When the proper changes are made, these remarks can be applied to Fitzgerald too and to our age. Certainly Fitzgerald was not "lethargic" nor was he "a bad man." Certainly he was a much more admirable being than Rossetti, who was a swine after all. But Fitzgerald was weak and lacked the rectitude that produces serenity. Through much of his life he was "Bones in a perpetual minstrel show," as he says in one of these letters. He was bent on being Celtic and charming always, as Rossetti was bent always on being Italian and a genius. Fitzgerald burned out what was never a very robust body or talent charming people who were simply not worth it, Zelda Sayre for example. In order to do this, he took to drinking – three to get off the ground, and four to hover, and never enough for a happy landing. Up and down the Eastern seaboard and through half the pleasure domes of France and always the unhappy landing. So that near the end of his life he lived in the Garden of Allah Hotel in Hollywood and hoped to be hired for the script of a Shirley Temple movie and had to write to the likes of Joseph Mankiewicz, "Oh, Joe, can't producers ever be wrong? I'm a good writer – honest."

In letters like the one to Mankiewicz we see the vulnerability and pathos of the tragic hero. In others – and happily there are more of these – we see his bravery and wisdom, very notably in the letters to his daughter. These are like a Yeats poem, a remarkable kind of prose equivalent of "A Prayer for My Daughter," to my mind the wisest and most moving of all the Yeats poems. The theme of the letters is simply and profoundly this: "I want you to be among the best of your race and not waste yourself on trivial aims. To be useful and proud – is that too much to ask?" Again and again Fitzgerald draws on his tragic self-knowledge to illustrate and vary the theme, most movingly of all in the famous letter that goes: "When I was your age I lived with a great dream. The dream grew and I learned how to speak of it and make people listen. Then the dream divided one day when I decided to marry your mother after all, even though I know she was spoiled and meant no good to me. I was sorry immediately I had married her but, being patient in those days, made the best of it and got to love her in another way. You came along and for a long time we made quite a lot of happiness out of our lives. But I was a man divided – she wanted me to work too much for *her* and not enough for my dream. She realized too late that work was dignity, and the only dignity, and she tried to atone for it by working herself, but it was too late and she broke and is broken forever." At the time this letter was written, Zelda had already been confined for several years and was never to be well again. Fitz-

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gerald's letters to her are in general kindly but inane. He once chides her for her consuming interest in "early Hebrew metaphysics," for Zelda had become a manic Bible reader and toward the end of her life was sometimes seen in the streets of Montgomery in a long black dress, armed with her Bible and repenting her youth. But all Fitzgerald's letters to her observe the sad reticences of the knowledge that she was hopelessly mad. There is of course something tragic in her too, despite the spoiled and fraudulent charm. She had real wit and brilliance, and her comment on the communism of the 1930's is, to my mind, worth more than many labored volumes on that subject that I could mention. She wrote to a friend that she had taken up horseback riding "as non-committally as possible so as not to annoy the horse. Also very apologetically since we've had so much of communism lately that I'm not sure it isn't the horse who should be riding me."

Of the remaining letters, those to Maxwell Perkins, Hemingway, and Edmund Wilson are of most interest. Those to Perkins cover Fitzgerald's entire writing career: from the young man anxious to get *This Side of Paradise* published quickly because his wooing a girl depended on it, a vastly patronizing young man who could write that "this fellow Conrad seems to be pretty good after all," up through *Gatsby*, written after he married the girl and found her unfaithful, and *Tender Is the Night*, the last part of which was written entirely on gin. Then the mounting debts and more drinking and the removal to Hollywood. In addition to their great biographical interest, these letters often illuminate points in the novels. We learn, for example, that the word *orgiastic* appears in the second last paragraph of *Gatsby* by Fitzgerald's express insistence, a sophomore's mar in the close of a great book.

The letters to Hemingway vary quite a lot, as they would have to, given what the two men were: the split halves of a great writer. Fitzgerald had some sense of this, I believe, and after a time of impulsive and generous admiration of Hemingway began to see flaws and have reservations. This, together with Hemingway's smack at him in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," made the relationship an increasingly uneasy one for Fitzgerald. He sums this up best in a letter to Beatrice Dance where he writes that Hemingway is "quite as nervously broken down as I am but it manifests itself in different ways. His inclination is toward megalomania and mine toward melancholy." The letters to Hemingway have become available only in the last few years, and Turnbull is the first to print them, an important addition to the canon.

And last, the letters to Edmund Wilson. As Wilson has himself acknowledged, he was never really close to Fitzgerald. Again, as with Hemingway and Fitzgerald, it was a case of dramatically opposed minds and temperaments, and Fitzgerald was always uncomfortable with Wilson and always deferring to him. The letters bear this out painfully.

In talking of Fitzgerald's letters as a whole, I have stressed the lived tragedy that they represent. Fitzgerald failed large and wrote at his best from the tragic "authority of failure." But I should not conlude without mentioning the great variety and the frequent high spirits of these letters. There was something finely jaunty about Fitzgerald always, and his letters have almost as much of delight as of instruction. Again, they are an addition to American literature.

—Warren Coffey

The Deputy. By Rolf Hochhuth, translated by Richard and Clara Winston; preface by Dr. Albert Schweitzer. New York: Grove Press. 352 pp. $5.95.

ONLY an age such as ours, anguished, fear ridden, and burdened with inescapable guilt, could have produced Rolf Hochhuth and his extraordinary play *The Deputy*. To read this long and epic work is to descend into Hochhuth's personal hell, a hell he did not create, but one he was born into.

In the briefest terms, *The Deputy* is the story of a young Jesuit priest, Father Riccardo Fontana, who, when he learns of the massacre of millions of Jews at Auschwitz, tries to get Pius XII publicly to condemn these Nazi atrocities. He confronts the Pope in the most controversial scene in the play, and when the Pope refuses to make a public statement, Father Riccardo pins the Star of David on his cassock and voluntarily accompanies a trainload of Italian Jews to Auschwitz where he faces martyrdom.

Reading the play is a devastating experience, but I do feel that as a play it is not as good as it could be. The author is reminiscent of Bertolt Brecht who also wrote in the epical style, but in the case of *The Deputy*, Hochhuth faces a difficulty that is virtually insurmountable, a difficulty largely ignored by Brecht.

The play is an epic in two ways: in concept, where he is dealing with a situation beyond imagination – the slaughter of six million Jews – something so great in scope that it cannot be encompassed in our usual bourgeois or realistic conventions of the theater. Structurally, it is in epic form, particularly in the panoramic divisions that set the scenes of the play. In addition, virtually all of the characters are types rather than individuals. However, because the epic form tends to become an abstraction, the author struggles valiantly to humanize, individualize and personalize each of the characters. This produces a tension because you just can't have it both ways.

As a result, from a dramaturgical point of view, the play is seriously flawed. Interestingly enough, vignettes come alive as personal experiences, and there are epic moments that succeed magnificently, but I am afraid that an attempt to blend both styles is the same as at-

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tempting to mix water and oil.

I don't know whether there is any solution to such a problem. In contrast to this sweeping and majestic effort is *The Diary of Anne Frank* which restricts itself to one set and thematically restricts itself to the common and ordinary daily events of the people suffering persecution. This is an intimate document and subtle, in that we do not witness their destruction, but we do know what is awaiting them.

But all of this ignores the realities of the play that far transcend any dramaturgical considerations. Indeed, if it weren't for these realities the play would scarcely receive such world-wide attention. In fact, it would hardly be noticed and most assuredly never produced on stage.

What causes the controversy about the play is the matter of Pope Pius XII and his failure publicly to condemn the extermination of the Jews. This matter of Pius takes two forms: the historical facts, and the character Hochhuth presents in the play. As to the historical realities, we can begin by acknowledging the fact that the Pope did not speak out specifically to condemn the murder of millions of Jews, although he headed many covert programs to help them and he did issue several very general and all-inclusive statements about human suffering. But at no time did he ever mention the plight of the Jews.

Should the Pope have spoken out?

History provides us with many conflicting considerations, among them the fears of the Vatican that to speak out would only make things worse, the fact that the Vatican feared atheistic communism and believed Germany the only defense of Europe at that time, and the fact that Pius wanted to mediate between the conflicting nations. The issue is very complex and could only be fully detailed at great length. But when all is said, there remains what many believe to be the transcendant fact that the Pope (as well as all men) was faced with the greatest moral evil in the history of mankind, something so heinous as to cry out to God for vengeance; and on earth the Pope is the Vicar of Christ, the most exalted voice in Christendom and this voice did not speak out. This is history.

Hochhuth, in his agony, could not forgive Pius for not speaking out and so he creates a character who would be compatible with the fact of silence and yet at the same time not engage the sympathy of the audience. For this, he is roundly criticized by Catholics who feel he has committed "a criminal libel" against a "holy and saintly" Pope.

The truth is, both Hochhuth and his detractors are in extreme positions – and both are untenable. Hochhuth has historical fact on his side and his detractors have a stronger sense of historical interpretation on theirs.

Hochhuth wrote this play in the white heat of passion. Just as he was merciless with the Nazis who originated all the suffering, so too he was merciless with the Pope for his failure at least to try to do something to stop it. The emotions that guided all he wrote before the scene with Pius are the same emotions that shape the personality of the Pope. While there are a number of false moments in the scene, there are two that are most noted. The first occurs when Pius enters, blandly talking about papal investments (although this is reduced in the American version) while "beneath his very windows" Roman Jews are being transported to Auschwitz.

This is a most serious fault since those whose natural tendency is to sympathize with the Pope are immediately estranged, and those who tend to dislike the Pope and/or the Church have their deepest fears justified before any effort is made at the Pope's defense. (Of course, Hochhuth believes there is no defense, and he is most probably right, but that has no bearing on the proper psychological structuring of a case.)

The second most noted fault is the moment when, with ink spilled on his hands, Pius has a bowl brought in in order that he might wash his hands, this after signing a most innocuous and platitudinous statement (which is actually based on a statement released by Pius XII). Catholics quickly relate this to Pontius Pilate and are offended. Hochhuth, in his historical notes that follow the play, justifies this on the basis of the Pope's exaggerated concern with personal hygiene. While it may be true that Pius was a compulsive hand washer, this is hardly the time to go into that matter, since the issue is not one of hygiene, but of washing his hands of the whole affair.

The point of all this is that this sort of thing tends to lose one's audience, particularly the Catholics, and grant them an excuse to stare at these dramatic flaws rather than see the fatal flaw in themselves; the flaw being the failure of all men when faced with a grave moral issue to do that which the situation demands, regardless of the personal sacrifice it might entail.

The situation of Pius was very complex and not easily explainable. But there is one strong possibility. Pius was an intellectual and a diplomat. In the present instance this was a deadly combination in terms of decisive action when decisive action was required. This combination of diplomat and intellectual results in the man knowing too much, with too fine an appreciation for all of the subtle nuances and all the potential repercussions, so that, in the end, after assessing the thousand elements, he finds himself immobilized. In the case of Pius, I think this is the real reason he failed to speak out.

When we consider the reasons Pius (the Pius of the play) gives for remaining silent – once past the two faults mentioned above – I think Hochhuth presents interesting and balanced arguments that result in dramatic tension, but because of the way he structured the scene, he has left himself open to very serious criticism, to say nothing of hysterical reaction on the part of

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many Catholics. This, unfortunately, tends to divert our attention from the real issues and gives ammunition to those who would like to destroy the play. The play should not be destroyed; it should be revised in order that the legitimate question asked by the author cannot be ignored by discussing irrelevancies.

— Edward M. Keating

SECOND THOUGHTS ON "THE DEPUTY"

By Trude Weiss-Rosmarin,
Editor of *The Jewish Spectator*

THERE IS the notion abroad that most Jews regard Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy* as the most effective and eloquent espousal of the cause of the six million of their people who were exterminated by the Nazis while the civilized nations and the churches did nothing to stop the carnage. In point of fact, however, Jewish historians and political analysts are not at all convinced that Pope Pius XII was as omnipotent as Mr. Hochhuth argues. Indeed, the Pope should have spoken out, without regard to the effectiveness and the consequences of his protest. As "The Deputy" it was his duty – as it was the duty of all those who minister in the name of God – to proclaim and protest in the manner of the Hebrew prophets who spoke the word of God, regardless of "consequences."

The Broadway version of *The Deputy* has been drastically cut to about one third of Mr. Hochhuth's script which would require seven and a half hours for a full presentation. As a result, the Broadway play abounds in emphases which in the context of the unabridged script are not so crass and, even, shocking. Mr. Hochhuth appended to his script a 60-page chapter "Sidelights on History" which, in addition to supplying the documentation for his case against Pope Pius XII, argues that there were many accomplices to the Nazi crimes. Thus he asks: "Who can tell how many of the Jews fell victim to the 'Final Solution' because other countries so heartlessly and needlessly refused to admit them?" He insists that the Allies knew perfectly well what was going on in the death camps – and so did the Red Cross, which refused to protest against the atrocities perpetrated against the Jews by the Germans.

Unfortunately, Mr. Hochhuth's insights into the "Sidelights on History" do not illumine his play which places the entire guilt and responsibility on the Pope instead of on *all* those who did not speak up and ACT. In Jerusalem, Dr. Aryeh Knbovy, director of "The Jewish Martyrs Foundation," warned that *The Deputy* tends to make one forget that the murderer *is* guilty and that focusing upon a bystander who *might* have prevented the crime, does not detract from this primary and exclusive guilt. He and other critics have pointed out that if the United States had relaxed its immigration quotas and if England had not turned away the refugee ships from the coasts of Palestine under the Mandate, most Jews could have been saved during the 'thirties. It should be remembered that *even* the Jews of Germany and of Austria, after the Anschluss, were free to emigrate. That they were finally caught up in the Nazi extermination machinery – together with more than five million of their brethren in the Nazi occupied countries – was not the fault of the Pope, but the sin of the United States and Great Britain who hermetically closed their havens of refuge to all but a small trickle of the Jews fleeing for their lives.

Now a play is not a dissertation on history. However, *The Deputy is* widely regarded as "history" and so it is important that its exclusive concentration on the Pope's sin of omission be corrected with Mr. Hochhuth's own "Sidelights."

Human nature is such that men will identify with the cause of a persecuted and disenfranchised group without necessarily caring about its members as fellow men. Quite a few of the most articulate white fighters for Negro equality and desegregation were among the first to move away from mixed neighborhoods. There are scores, even hundreds, of churches and synagogues, who moved to a new "right side of the tracks" when Negroes moved into their neighborhoods.

Mr. Hochhuth eloquently, passionately and compassionately pleads the *cause* of the six million Jews who were exterminated by the Germans. At the same time, however, his play has *not one* Jewish character of strength and nobility. There is Jacobson, who is hidden by a repentant S.S. man and rescued by Father Fontana, the hero of the play. Now there were quite a few Jews who managed to escape thanks to the help of sympathetic and true Christians. But if they were young, as Jacobson is, they invariably were members of the Jewish Underground. They did not slink off with a false passport as Jacobson does, but made the most of the opportunity by enlisting in the *sub rosa* war against the Nazis. Jacobson is the personification of the Nazi stereotyped Jew – cowardly, selfish and only concerned with his own welfare. Pitiable though he may be, he is – contemptible. Even more contemptible are the converted Jews of Rome marked for deportation. They protest that they are Catholics and plead loyalty to – Germany! Now, there may have been some contemptible individuals like "The Manufacturer" who tried to save their lives at any price. But they were utterly untypical even of the Jews converted to Catholicism most of whom stood as staunchly and proudly with their people as Henri Bergson, who professed his Catholic belief together with loyalty to

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his persecuted Jewish people. Many Jews argue that Mr. Hochhuth's ignorance of Jews shows in his choice of those whom he regards as "typical" victims of the Nazis. "The Manufacturer," who spits into the face of a Jew to prove that he has nothing in common with Jews is, in fact, the Jew-hater's image – and so are the other thoroughly unsavory Jews who appear in *The Deputy*.

The Deputy conveys the impression that the six million Jews went to their deaths "like sheep to the slaughter." There is no mention of the fighting ghettoes and the heroic "Revolt of the Warsaw Ghetto." There is no mention of the tens of thousands who fought in the Underground. There is no mention of the tens of thousands of rabbis and teachers who had a chance to save themselves but chose to go and die with their people.

The fact that the producers of *The Deputy* are Jews should not obscure the fact that Jews have as strong a case against *The Deputy* as the Vatican claims and argues. Mr. Hochhuth has placed upon the stage "negative Jews" exclusively, Jews who conform to the Nazi description.

There is a Hebrew adage that frequently "disadvantages annul advantages." As many Jews see it, *The Deputy's* eloquent case against the Pope who kept silent is not a *Jewish* issue. The play's "negative Jews" are, however, of grave Jewish concern. They project a false image of these who, while being marched to the gas chambers, intoned Hebrew and Yiddish songs of faith in God and pride in their people.

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